



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

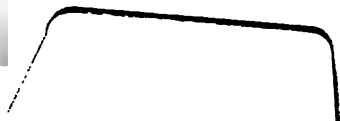
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



46.

996.







**HESPERIDES**  
**OR THE WORKS BOTH HUMANE**  
**AND DIVINE OF ROBERT**  
**HERRICK ESQ.**



**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**



HESPERIDES  
OR THE WORKS BOTH HUMANE  
AND DIVINE OF ROBERT  
HERRICK ESQ.  
VOL. II.



LONDON  
WILLIAM PICKERING  
1846

996.







## Hesperides.

*To his Booke.*



**B**E bold, my Booke, nor be abasht, or  
feare [Brow severe.  
The cutting Thumb-naile, or the  
But by the *Muses* sweare, all here is  
If but well read ; or ill read, understood. [good,

*His Prayer to Ben. Johnson.*

**W**Hen I a Verse shall make,  
Know I have praid thee,  
For old *Religions* sake,  
Saint *Ben*, to aide me.

Make the way smooth for me,  
When I, thy *Herrick*,  
Honouring thee, on my knee  
Offer my *Lyrick*.

Candles Ile give to thee,  
And a new Altar ;

*HESPERIDES.*

And thou, Saint *Ben*, shalt be  
Writ in my *Pfalter*.

*Pocerty and Riches.*

**G**ive *Want* her welcome if she comes; we find,  
*Riches* to be but burthens to the mind.

*Again.*

**W**ho with a little cannot be content,  
Endures an everlasting punishment.

*The Covetous still Captives.*

**L**et's live with that smal pittance that we have ;  
*Who covets more, is evermore a slave.*

*Lawes.*

**W**hen Lawes full power have to fway, we see  
Little or no part there of Tyrannie.

*Of Love.*

**I**Le get me hence,  
Because no fence,  
Or Fort that I can make here ;  
But Love by charmes,  
Or else by Armes  
Will storme, or starving take here.

*Upon Cock.*

**C**ock calls his Wife his Hen : when *Cock* goes  
too't,  
*Cock* treads his Hen, but treads her under-foot.

*To his Muse.*

**G**O wooe young *Charles* no more to looke,  
Then but to read this in my Booke :  
How *Herrick* beggs, if that he can-  
Not like the Muse ; to love the man,  
Who by the Shepheards, sung, long since,  
The Starre-led-birth of *Charles* the *Prince*.

*The bad Season makes the Poet sad.*

**D**ULL to my selfe, and almost dead to these  
My many fresh and fragrant Mistresses :  
Loft to all Musick now ; since every thing  
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.  
Sick is the Land to'th' heart ; and doth endure  
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.  
But if that golden Age wo'd come again,  
And *Charles* here Rule, as he before did Raign ;  
If smooth and unperplext the Seasons were,  
As when the *Sweet Maria* lived here :  
I sho'd delight to have my Curles halfe drown'd  
In *Tyrian Dewes*, and Head with *Roses* crown'd.

# *HESPERIDES.*

And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)  
*Knock at a Starre with my exalted Head.*

*To Vulcan.*

THY footy *Godhead*, I desire  
 Still to be ready with thy fire :  
 That sho'd my Booke despised be,  
 Acceptance it might find of thee.

*Like Pattern, like People.*

THIS is the height of Justice, that to doe  
 Thy selfe, which thou put'st other men unto.  
*As great men lead ; the meaner follow on,  
 Or to the good, or evill action.*

*Purposes.*

NO wrath of Men, or rage of Seas  
 Can shake a just mans purposes :  
 No threats of Tyrants, or the Grim  
 Visage of them can alter him ;  
 But what he doth at first entend,  
 That he holds firmly to the end.

*To the Maids to walke abroad.*

COME fit we under yonder Tree,  
 Where merry as the Maids we'll be.

And as on *Primroses* we sit,  
We'l venter (if we can) at wit :  
If not, at *Draw-gloves* we will play ;  
So spend some minutes of the day :  
Or else spin out the thread of sands,  
Playing at *Questions* and *Commands* :  
Or tell what strange Tricks Love can do,  
By quickly making one of two.  
Thus we will sit and talke ; but tell  
No cruell truths of *Philomell*,  
Or *Phillis*, whom hard Fate forc't on,  
To kill her selfe for *Demophon*.  
But Fables we'l relate ; how *Jove*  
Put on all shapes to get a Love :  
As now a *Satyr*, then a *Swan* ;  
A *Bull* but then ; and now a man.  
Next we will act, how young men wooe ;  
And sigh, and kisse, as Lovers do :  
And talke of Brides ; & who shall make  
That wedding-smock, this Bridal-Cake ;  
That Drefs, this Sprig, that Leaf, this Vine ;  
That smooth and silken Columbine.  
This done, we'l draw lots, who shall buy  
And guild the Baies and Rosemary :  
What Posies for our Wedding Rings ;  
What Gloves we'l give, and Ribanings :  
And smiling at our selves, decree,  
Who then the joyning *Priest* shall be.  
What short sweet Prayers shall be said ;  
And how the Posset shall be made

With Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)  
 And *Maiden's-blush*, for spiced wine.  
 Thus, having talkt, we'l next commend  
 A kifs to each ; and *so we'l end*.

*His own Epitaph.*

**A**S wearied *Pilgrims*, once posselt  
 Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest :  
 So I, now having rid my way ;  
 Fix here my Button'd Staffe and stay.  
 Youth (I confes) hath me mis-led ;  
 But Age hath brought me right to Bed.

*A Nuptiall Verse to Mistresse Elizabeth Lee,  
 now Lady Tracie.*

**S**Pring with the Larke, most comely Bride, and  
 meet  
 Your eager Bridegroomme with *auspicious* feet.  
 The Morn's farre spent ; and the immortall Sunne  
 Corrols his cheeke, to see those Rites not done.  
 Fie, *Lovely maid* ! Indeed you are too slow,  
 When to the Temple Love sho'd runne, not go.  
 Dispatch your dressing then ; and quickly wed :  
 Then feast, and coy't a little ; then to bed.  
 This day is Loves day ; and this busie night  
 Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight  
 With such an arm'd, but such an easie Foe,  
 As will if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.

The Field is pitch't ; but such muſt be your warres,  
As that your kiſſes muſt out-vie the Starres.  
Fall down together vanquiſht both, and lye  
Drown'd in the bloud of Rubies there, not die.

*The Night-piece, to Julia.*

**H**Er Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,  
The Shooting Starres attend thee ;  
And the Elves alſo,  
Whoſe little eyes glow,  
Like the ſparks of fire, befriend thee.

No *Will-o'-th'-Wiſpe* miſ-light thee ;  
Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee :  
But on, on thy way  
Not making a ſtay,  
Since Ghoſt ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber ;  
What though the Moon do's flumber ?  
The Starres of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like Tapers cleare without number.

Then *Julia* let me wooe thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me :  
And when I ſhall meet  
Thy ſilv'ry feet,  
My foule I'll poure into thee.



*To Sir Clipseby Crew.*

**G**Ive me wine, and give me meate,  
To create in me a heate,  
That my Pulses high may beate.

Cold and hunger never yet  
Co'd a noble Verse beget ;  
But your Boules with Sack repleat.

Give me these, my Knight, and try  
In a Minutes space how I  
Can runne mad, and Prophecie.

Then if any Peece proves new,  
And rare, Ile say, my dearest *Crew*,  
It was full enspir'd by you.

*Good Luck not lasting.*

**I**F well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast :  
*The happy fortune will not alwayes last.*

*A Kisse.*

**W**Hat is a Kisse ? Why this, as some approve ;  
The sure sweet-Sement, Glue, and Lime of  
Love.

*Glorie.*

**I** Make no haste to have my Numbers read.  
*Seldome comes Glorie till a man be dead.*

*Poets.*

**W**Antons we are; and though our words be such,  
Our Lives do differ from our Lines by much.

*No Despight to the Dead.*

**R**Eproach we may the living; not the dead :  
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

*To his Verses.*

**W**Hat will ye, my poor Orphans, do  
When I must leave the World (and you)  
Who'l give ye then a sheltring shed,  
Or credit ye, when I am dead ?  
Who'l let ye by their fire sit ?  
Although ye have a stock of wit,  
Already coin'd to pay for it.  
I cannot tell ; unlesse there be  
Some Race of old humanitie  
Left (of the large heart, and long hand)  
Alive, as Noble *Westmorland* ;  
Or gallant *Newark* ; which brave two  
May fott'ring fathers be to you.  
If not ; expect to be no less  
Ill us'd, then Babes left fatherless.

*His Charge to Julia at his Death.*

**D**Eareft of thousands, now the time drawes  
     neere,  
 That with my Lines, my Life muft full-ftop here.  
 Cut off thy haire; and let thy Teares be fhed  
 Over my Turfe, when I am buried.  
 • Then for *effufions*, let none wanting be,  
 Or other Rites that doe belong to me;  
 As Love fhall helpe thee, when thou do'ft go hence  
 Unto thy everlafting refidence.

*Upon Love.*

**I**N a Dreame, Love bad me go  
 To the Gallies there to Rowe;  
 In the Vifion I afkt, why?  
 Love as briefly did reply;  
 'Twas better there to toyle, then prove  
 The turmoiles they endure that love.  
 I awoke, and then I knew  
 What Love faid was too too true:  
 Henceforth therefore I will be  
 As from Love, from trouble free.  
*None pities him that's in the fnare,  
 And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.*

*The Coblers Catch.*

**C**OME fit we by the fires fide;  
 And roundly drinke we here;

*HESPERIDES.*

11

Till that we see our cheekes Ale-dy'd  
And noses tann'd with Beere.

*Upon Bran. Epig.*

**W**Hat made that mirth last night, the neighbours say,  
That *Bran* the Baker did his Breech bewray :  
I rather thinke, though they may speake the worst,  
'Twas to his Batch, but Leaven laid there first.

*Upon Snare, an Usurer.*

**S***Nare*, ten i'th' hundred calls his wife; and why ?  
Shee brings in much, by carnall usury.  
He by extortion brings in three times more :  
Say, who's the worst, th' exactor, or the whore ?

*Upon Grudgings.*

**G**Rudgings turnes bread to stones, when to the  
Poore  
He gives an almes, and chides them from his doore.

*Connubii Flores, or the well-wishes at  
Weddings.*

*Chorus Sacerdotum.*

**F**rom the Temple to your home  
May a thousand blessings come !

And a sweet concurring stream  
Of all joyes, to joyn with them.

*Chorus Juvenum.*

Happy day  
Make no long stay  
Here  
In thy Sphere ;  
But give thy place to night,  
That she,  
As Thee,  
May be  
Partaker of this fight.  
And since it was thy care  
To see the Younglings wed ;  
'Tis fit that Night, the Paire,  
Sho'd see safe brought to Bed.

*Chorus Senum.*

Go to your banquet then, but use delight,  
So as to rise still with an appetite.  
Love is a thing most nice ; and must be fed  
To such a height ; but never surfeited.  
What is beyond the mean is ever ill :  
'Tis best to feed Love ; but not over-fill :  
Go then discreetly to the Bed of pleasure ;  
And this remember, *Vertue keeps the measure.*

*Chorus Virginum.*

Luckie signes we have disci'd  
 To encourage on the Bride ;  
 And to these we have espi'd,  
 Not a kissing *Cupid* flies  
 Here about, but has his eyes,  
 To imply your Love is wise.

*Chorus Pastorum.*

Here we present a fleece  
     To make a peece  
         Of cloth ;  
 Nor, Faire, must you be loth  
 Your Finger to apply  
     To hufwiferie.  
     Then, then begin  
     To spin :  
 And, Sweetling, marke you, what a Web will come  
 Into your Chests, drawn by your painfull Thumb.

*Chorus Matronarum.*

Set you to your Wheele, and wax  
 Rich, by the Ductile Wool and Flax.  
 Yarne is an Income ; and the Hufwives thread  
 The Larder fills with meat ; the Bin with bread.

*Chorus Senum.*

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,  
And not by any fordid shift :

'Tis haste

Makes waste :

Extreames have still their fault ;

*The softest Fire makes the sweetest Mault.*

*Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,  
Holds none at all, or little in his hand.*

*Chorus Virginum.*

Goddeffe of Pleasure, Youth, and Peace,  
Give them the blessing of encrease :  
And thou, *Lucina*, that do'st heare  
The vowes of those, that children beare :  
When as her Aprill houre drawes neare,  
Be thou then propitious there.

*Chorus Juvenum.*

Farre hence be all speech, that may anger move :  
*Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle Love.*

*Chorus omnium.*

Live in the Love of Doves, and having told  
The Ravens yeares, go hence more Ripe then old.

*To his lovely Mistresses.*

**O** Ne night i'th'yeare, my dearest Beauties, come  
And bring those *dew-drink-offerings* to my  
Tomb.

When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise,  
And there to lick th' effused sacrifice :  
Though palenes be the Livery that I weare,  
Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.  
Trust me, I will not hurt ye ; or once shew  
The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you :  
Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew.  
This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,  
Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye :  
Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost  
The world so soon, and in it, you the most.  
Then these, no feares more on your Fancies fall,  
Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

*Upon Love.*

**A** Christall Violl *Cupid* brought,  
Which had a juice in it :  
Of which who drank, he said no thought  
Of Love he sho'd admit.

I greedy of the prize, did drinke,  
And emptied soon the glasse ;  
Which burnt me so, that I do thinke  
The fire of hell it was.



Give me my earthen Cups again,  
 The Christall I contemne ;  
 Which, though enchas'd with Pearls, contain  
 A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O *Cupid!* come not to  
 My Threshhold, since I see,  
 For all I have, or else can do,  
 Thou still wilt cozen me.

*Upon Gander. Epig.*

**S**ince *Gander* did his prettie Youngling wed ;  
*Gander*, they say, doth each night pisse a Bed :  
 What is the cause ? Why, *Gander* will reply,  
*No Goose layes good eggs that is trodden drye.*

*Upon Lungs. Epig.*

**L***Ungs*, as some say, ne'r sets him down to eate,  
 But ~~that~~ his breath do's Fly-blow all the meate.

*The Beggar to Mab, the Fairie Queen.*

**P**Lease your Grace, from out your Store,  
 Give an Almes to one that's poore,  
 That your mickle, may have more.  
 Black I'm grown for want of meat ;  
 Give me then an Ant to eate ;  
 Or the cleft eare of a Mousie  
 Over-sowr'd in drinke of Souce :

Or, *sweet Lady*, reach to me  
 The *Abdomen* of a Bee ;  
 Or commend a *Cricket's-hip*,  
 Or his *Huckson*, to my Scrip.  
 Give for bread, a little bit  
 Of a Pease, that 'gins to chit,  
 And my full thanks take for it.  
 Floure of Fuz-balls, that's too good  
 For a man in needy-hood :  
 But the Meal of Mill-duft can  
 Well content a craving man.  
 Any Orts the Elves refuse  
 Well will serve the Beggars use.  
 But if this may seem too much  
 For an Almes ; then give me such  
 Little bits, that nestle there  
 In the Pris'ners *Panier*.  
 So a blessing light upon  
 You, and mighty *Oberon* :  
 That your plenty last till when,  
 I return your Almes agen.

*An End decreed.*

L Et's be jocund while we may ;  
 All things have an ending day :  
 And when once the Work is done ;  
*Fates revolve no Flax th'ave spun.*

*Upon a Child.*

**H**ere a pretty Baby lies  
 Sung asleep with Lullabies :  
 Pray be silent, and not stirre  
 Th' easie earth that covers her.

*Painting sometimes permitted.*

**I**F Nature do deny  
 Colours, let Art supply.

*Farwell Frost, or welcome Spring.*

**F**Led are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare  
 Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.  
 Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty Spring  
 Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.  
 The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every  
 Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry. [Tree  
 The while the *Daulian Minstrell* sweetly sings  
 With warbling Notes, her *Tyrrean* sufferings.  
 What gentle Winds perspire ? As if here  
 Never had been the *Northern Plunderer*  
 To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their distresse,  
 Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.  
 And look how when a frantick Storme doth tear  
 A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing there)

But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze  
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of Trees :  
 So when this War, which tempest-like doth spoil  
 Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and Oile,  
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast  
 His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)  
 The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils cease,  
 Bring in her Bill, once more, *the Branch of Peace.*

*The Hag.*

**T**He Hag is afride,  
 This night for to ride ;  
 The Devill and shee together :  
 Through thick, and through thin,  
 Now out, and then in,  
 Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

A Thorn or a Burr  
 She takes for a Spurre :  
 With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,  
 Through Brakes and through Bryars,  
 O're Ditches, and Mires,  
 She followes the Spirit that guides now.

No Beast, for his food,  
 Dares now range the wood ;  
 But husht in his laire he lies lurking :  
 While mischeifs, by these,  
 On Land and on Seas,  
 At noone of Night are a working,

The storme will arise,  
 And trouble the skies;  
 This night, and more for the wonder,  
 The ghost from the Tomb  
 Affrighted shall come,  
 Cal'd out by the clap of the Thunder.

*Upon an old Man a Resdenciarie.*

**T**Read, Sirs, as lightly as ye can  
 Upon the grave of this old man.  
 Twice fortie (bating but one year,  
 And thrice three weekes) he lived here.  
 Whom gentle fate translated hence  
 To a more happy Residence.  
 Yet, Reader, let me tell thee this,  
 Which from his ghost a promise is,  
 If here ye will some few teares shed,  
 He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

*Upon Teares.*

**T**Eares, though th'are here below the finners  
 brine,  
 Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

*Phyfitians.*

**P**Hyfitians fight not against men; but these  
 Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

*The Primitiæ to Parents.*

**O**Ur *Household-gods* our Parents be ;  
And manners good require, that we  
The first Fruits give to them, who gave  
Us hands to get what here we have.

*Upon Cob. Epig.*

**C**Ob clouts his shooes, and as the story tells,  
His thumb-nailes-par'd, afford him sperrables.

*Upon Lucie. Epig.*

**S**ound Teeth has *Lucie*, pure as Pearl, and small,  
With mellow Lips, and luscious there withall.

*Upon Skoles. Epig.*

**S***Koles* stinks so deadly, that his Breeches loath  
His dampish Buttocks furthermore to cloath :  
Cloy'd they are up with Arse ; but hope, one blast  
Will whirle about, and blow them thence at last.

*To Silvia.*

**I** Am holy, while I stand  
Circum-croft by thy pure hand :  
But when that is gone ; Again,  
I, as others, am *Prophane*.

*To his Closet-Gods.*

**W**Hen I goe Hence, ye *Closet-Gods*, I feare  
 Never againe to have ingression here :  
 Where I have had, what ever things co'd be  
 Pleasant, and precious to my Muse and me.  
 Besides rare sweets, I had a Book which none  
 Co'd reade the Intext but my selfe alone.  
 About the Cover of this Book there went  
 A curious-comely clean *Compartlement* :  
 And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set  
 A blushing-pretty-peeping Rubelet :  
 But now 'tis clos'd ; and being shut, & seal'd,  
 Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd !  
 Keep here still, *Closet-gods*, 'fore whom I've set  
 Oblations oft, of sweetest Marmelet.

*A Bacchanalian Verse.*

**F**ill me a mighty Bowle  
 Up to the brim :  
 That I may drink  
 Unto my *Johnsons* soule.  
 Crowne it agen agen ;  
 And thrice repeat  
 That happy heat ;  
 To drink to Thee my *Ben*.  
 Well I can quaffe, I see,  
 To, th' number five,

Or nine ; but thrive  
In frenzie ne'r like thee.

*Long lookt for comes at last.*

**T**Hough long it be, yeeres may repay the debt ;  
*None loseth that, which he in time may get.*

*To Youth.*

**D**Rink Wine, and live here blithefull, while ye  
*The morrowes life too late is, Live to-day.* [may:

*Never too late to dye.*

**N**O man comes late unto that place from  
Never man yet had a regredience. [whence

*A Hymne to the Muses.*

**O** ! You the Virgins nine !  
That doe our foules encline  
To noble Discipline !  
Nod to this vow of mine :  
Come then, and now enspire  
My violl and my lyre  
With your eternall fire :  
And make me one entire  
Compoſer in your Quire.  
Then P'le your Altars ſtrew  
With Roſes ſweet and new ;



And ever live a true  
Acknowledger of you.

*On Himselfe.*

I Le sing no more, nor will I longer write  
Of that sweet Lady, or that gallant Knight :  
Ile sing no more of Frosts, Snowes, Dews and  
Showers ; [of Flowers :  
No more of Groves; Meades, Springs, and wreaths  
Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing  
Of *Cupid*, and his wittie coozning :  
Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave  
No more my Dirges, and my Trentalls have.

*Upon Jone and Jane.*

J One is a wench that's painted ;  
Jone is a Girle that's tainted ;  
Yet Jone she goes  
Like one of those  
Whom purity had Sainted.  
Jane is a Girle that's prittie ;  
Jane is a wench that's wittie ;  
Yet, who wo'd think,  
Her breath do's stinke,  
As so it doth ? that's pittie.

*To Momus.*

W Ho read'st this Book that I have writ,  
And can'st not mend, but carpe at it :

By all the muses ! thou shalt be  
*Anathema* to it, and me.

*Ambition.*

**I**N wayes to greatnesse, think on this,  
*That slippery all Ambition is.*

*The Country Life, to the honoured M. End.  
 Porter, Groome of the Bed-Chamber  
 to His Maj.*

**S**weet Country life, to such unknown,  
 Whose lives are others, not their own !  
 But serving Courts, and Cities, be  
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
 Thou never Plow'st the Oceans foame  
 To seek, and bring rough Pepper home :  
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
 To bring from thence the scorched Clove.  
 Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,  
 Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.  
 No, thy Ambition's Master-piece  
 Flies no thought higher then a fleece :  
 Or how to pay thy Hinds, and cleere  
 All scores ; and so to end the yeere :  
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,  
 Not envying others larger grounds :  
 For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent  
*Of Land makes life, but sweet content.*

When now the Cock (the Plow-mans Horne)  
Calls forth the lilly-wristed Morne ;  
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,  
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know,  
That the best compost for the Lands  
Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.  
There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,  
With a Hind whistling there to them :  
And cheer'st them up, by singing how  
The Kingdoms portion is *the Plow*.  
This done, then to th' enameld Meads  
Thou go'st ; and as thy foot there treads,  
Thou seest a present God-like Power  
Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower :  
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd Kine,  
Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine.  
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat  
Unto the Dew-laps up in meat :  
And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steere,  
The Heifer, Cow, and Oxe draw neere  
To make a pleasing pastime there.  
These seep, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
Of sheep, safe from the Wolfe and Fox,  
And find'st their bellies there as full  
Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.  
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,  
A Shepherd piping on a hill.  
For Sports, for Pagentrie, and Playes,  
Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydayes :  
On which the young men and maids meet,

To exercife their dancing feet :  
Tripping the comely country round,  
With Daffadils and Daifies crown'd.  
Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou haft,  
Thy May-poles too with Garlands grac't :  
Thy Morris-dance ; thy Whitfun-ale ;  
Thy Sheering-feaft, which never faile.  
Thy Harvest home ; thy Waffaile bowle,  
That's toft up after Fox i'th' Hole.  
Thy Mummeries ; thy Twelfe-tide Kings  
And Queenes ; thy Christmas revellings :  
Thy Nut-browne mirth ; thy Ruffet wit ;  
And no man payes too deare for it.  
To thefe, thou haft thy times to goe  
And trace the Hare i'th' trecherous Snow :  
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get  
The Larke into the Trammell net :  
Thou haft thy Cockrood, and thy Glade  
To take the precious Phefant made :  
Thy Lime-twigs, Snares, and Pit-falls then  
To catch the pilfring Birds, not Men.  
O happy life ! if that their good  
The Husbandmen but understood !  
Who all the day themfelves doe pleafe,  
And Younglings, with fuch sports as thefe.  
And, lying down, have nought t'affright  
Sweet fleep, that makes more fhort the night.

*Cætera defunt* —

*To Electra.*

**I** Dare not ask a kisse ;  
 I dare not beg a smile ;  
 Left having that, or this,  
 I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share  
 Of my desire, shall be  
 Onely to kisse that Aire,  
 That lately kissed thee.

*To his worthy Friend, M. Arthur Bartly.*

**W**hen after many Lusters thou shalt be  
 Wrapt up in Seare-cloth with thine An-  
 cestrie :

When of thy ragg'd *Escutcheons* shall be seene  
 So little left, as if they ne'r had been : [trust,  
 Thou shalt thy Name have, and thy Fames best  
 Here with the Generation of my Just.

*What kind of Mistresse he would have.*

**B**E the Mistresse of my choice,  
 Cleane in manners, cleere in voice :  
 Be she witty, more then wise ;  
 Pure enough, though not Precise :  
 Be she shewing in her dresse,  
 Like a civill Wilderネス ;

That the curious may detect  
Order in a sweet neglect :  
Be she rowling in her eye,  
Tempting all the passers by :  
And each Ringlet of her haire,  
An Enchantment, or a Snare,  
For to catch the Lookers on ;  
But her self held fast by none.  
Let her *Lucrece* all day be,  
*Thais* in the night, to me.  
Be she such, as neither will  
*Famish me, nor over-fill.*

*Upon Zelot.*

**I**S *Zelot* pure ? he is : ye see he weares  
The signe of *Circumcision* in his eares.

*The Rosemarie Branch.*

**G**Row for two ends, it matters not at all,  
Be't for my *Bridall*, or my *Buriall*.

*Upon Madam Urfly, Epig.*

**F**Or ropes of pearle, first Madam *Urfly* shoves  
A chaine of Cornes, pickt from her eares  
and toes :  
Then, next, to match *Tradescant's* curious shels,

Nailes from her fingers mew'd, she shewes : what  
 Why then, forsooth, a Carcanet is shown [els ?  
 Of teeth, as deaf as nuts, and all her own.

*Upon Crab, Epigr.*

**C**Rab faces gownes with sundry Furies ; 'tis  
                   known,  
 He keeps the Fox-furre for to face his own.

*A Paraneticall, or Advisive Verse, to his  
 Friend, M. John Wicks.*

**I**S this a life, to break thy sleep ?  
 To rise as soon as day doth peep ?  
 To tire thy patient Oxe or Ass  
 By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,  
 Not knowing This, that *Jove* decrees  
 Some mirth, t'adulce mans miseries ?  
 No ; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,  
 Without extortion, from thy soyle :  
 Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee Graine,  
 Although with some, yet little paine :  
 To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,  
 With feares, and cares uncumbered :  
 A Pleasing Wife, that by thy side  
 Lies softly panting like a Bride.  
 This is to live, and to endeere  
 Those minutes, Time has lent us here.  
 Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free,

As is that ayre that circles thee,  
 And crown thy temples too, and let  
 Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,  
 To strut thy barnes with sheafs of Wheat.  
 Time steals away like to a stream,  
 And we glide hence away with them.  
*No sound recalls the houres once fled,*  
*Or Roses, being withered :*  
 Nor us, my Friend, when we are lost,  
 Like to a Deaw, or melted Frost.  
 Then live we mirthfull, while we should,  
 And turn the iron Age to Gold.  
 Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,  
 And thus lesse last, then live our Day.  
*Whose life with care is overcast,*  
*That man's not said to live, but last :*  
*Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell,*  
*But for to live that half seven well :*  
 And that wee'l do ; as men, who know,  
 Some few sands spent, we hence must go,  
 Both to be blended in the Urn,  
 From whence there's never a return.

*Once seen, and no more.*

**T**Housands each day passe by, which wee,  
 Once past and gone, no more shall see.

*Love.*

**T**His Axiom I have often heard,  
*Kings ought to be more lov'd, then fear'd.*



*To M. Denham, on his Prospective Poem.*

OR lookt I back unto the Times hence flown,  
To praise those Muses, and dislike our own?  
Or did I walk those *Pean*-Gardens through,  
To kick the Flow'rs, and scorn their odours too?  
I might, and justly, be reputed (here)  
One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.  
But by *Apollo*! as I worship wit,  
Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it:  
So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well  
In our high art, although we can't excell,  
Like thee; or dare the Buskins to unloose  
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet *Maronian* Muse.  
But since I'm cal'd, rare *Denham*, to be gone,  
Take from thy *Herrick* this conclusion:  
'Tis dignity in others, if they be  
Crown'd Poets; yet live Princes under thee:  
The while their wreaths and Purple Robes do  
shine, [thine.  
Lesse by their own jemms, then those beams of

*A Hymne, to the Lares.*

IT was, and still my care is,  
To worship ye, the *Lares*,  
With crowns of greenest Parsley,  
And Garlick chives not scarcely :  
For favours here to warme me,  
And not by fire to harme me.

For gladding so my hearth here,  
 With inoffensive mirth here ;  
 That while the Wassaile Bowle here  
 With *North-down* Ale doth troule here,  
 No fillable doth fall here,  
 To marre the mirth at all here.  
 For which, 6 *Chimney-keepers* !  
 (I dare not call ye Sweepers)  
 So long as I am able  
 To keep a countrey-table,  
 Great be my fare, or small cheere,  
 I'll eat and drink up all here.

*Deniall in Women no disheartning to Men.*

WOMEN, although theyne're so goodly make it,  
 Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

*Adversity.*

LOVE is maintain'd by wealth ; when all is spent,  
*Adversity then breeds the discontent.*

*To Fortune.*

TUMBLE me down, and I will fit  
 Upon my ruines (smiling yet :)  
 Teare me to tatters ; yet I'll be  
 Patient in my necessitie.  
 Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun  
 Me, as a fear'd infection :

Yet scarre-crow-like I'll walk, as one,  
Neglecting thy derision.

*To Anthea.*

COME, *Anthea*, know thou this,  
*Love at no time idle is :*  
Let's be doing, though we play  
But at push-pin, half the day :  
Chains of sweet bents let us make,  
Captive one, or both, to take :  
In which bondage we will lie,  
Soules transfusing thus, and die.

*Cruelties.*

NERO commanded ; but withdrew his eyes  
From the beholding Death, and cruelties.

*Perseverance.*

HAST thou begun an act ? ne're then give o're :  
*No man despaire to do what's done before.*

*Upon his Verses.*

WHAT off-spring other men have got,  
The how, where, when, I question not.  
These are the Children I have left ;  
Adopted some ; none got by theft.

But all are toucht, like lawfull plate,  
And no Verſe illegitimate.

*Diſtance betters Dignities.*

**K**ings muſt not oft be ſeen by publike eyes ;  
*State at a diſtance adds to dignities.*

*Health.*

**H**ealth is no other, as the learned hold,  
But a juſt meaſure both of Heat and Cold.

*To Dianeme. A Ceremonie in Gloceſter.*

**I**Le to thee a Simnell bring,  
'Gainſt thou go'ſt a *mothering*,  
So that, when ſhe bleſſeth thee,  
Half that bleſſing thou'lt give me.

*To the King.*

**G**Ive way, give way, now, now my *Charles*  
ſhines here,  
A Publike Light, in this immenſive Sphere.  
Some ſtarres were fixt before ; but theſe are dim,  
Compar'd (in this my ample Orbe) to Him.  
Draw in your feeble fiers, while that He  
Appeares but in His Meaner Majeſtie.  
Where, if ſuch glory ſaſhes from His Name,  
Which is His Shade, who can abide His Flame !

*Princes, and such like Publike Lights as these,  
Must not be lookt on, but at distances :  
For, if we gaze on These brave Lamps too neer,  
Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer.*

*The Funerall Rites of the Rose.*

**T**He Rose was sick, and smiling di'd ;  
And, being to be sanctifi'd,  
About the Bed, there sighing stood  
The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood.  
Some hung the head, while some did bring  
(To wash her) water from the Spring.  
Some laid her forth, while others wept,  
But all a solemne Fast there kept.  
The holy Sisters some among  
The sacred *Dirge* and *Trentall* sung.  
But ah ! what sweets smelt every where,  
As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.  
At last, when prayers for the dead,  
And Rites were all accomplished ;  
They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Looome,  
And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

*The Rainbow : or curious Covenant.*

**M**INE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine,  
And as they thus did entertaine  
The gentle Beams from *Julia's* sight  
To mine eyes level'd opposite :

O Thing admir'd ! there did appeare  
A curious Rainbow smiling there ;  
Which was the Covenant, that she  
No more wo'd drown mine eyes, or me.

*The last Stroke strike sure.*

THOUGH by well-warding many blowes w've  
past,  
*That stroke most fear'd is, which is struck the last.*

*Fortune.*

FORTUNE's a blind profuser of her own,  
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

*Stool-ball.*

AT Stool-ball, *Lucia*, let us play,  
For Sugar-cakes and Wine ;  
Or for a *Tansie* let us pay,  
The losse or thine, or mine.

If thou, my Deere, a winner be  
At trundling of the Ball,  
The wager thou shalt have, and me,  
And my misfortunes all.

But if, my Sweetest, I shall get,  
Then I desire but this ;  
That likewise I may pay the Bet,  
And have for all a kisse.

*To Sappho.*

**L**Et us now take time, and play,  
Love, and live here while we may ;  
Drink rich wine ; and make good cheere,  
While we have our being here :  
For, once dead, and laid i'th grave,  
No return from thence we have.

*On Poet Prat, Epigr.*

**P***Rat* He writes Satyres ; but herein's the fault,  
In no one Satyre there's a mite of salt.

*Upon Tuck, Epigr.*

AT Poft and Paire, or Slam, *Tom Tuck* would  
play  
This Chriftnas, but his want wherewith, faves Nay.

### *Biting of Beggars.*

**W**Ho, railing, drives the Lazar from his door,  
Instead of almes, fets dogs upon the poor.

*The May-pole.*

THE May-pole is up,  
Now give me the cup ;  
I'll drink to the Garlands a-round it :

But first unto those  
Whose hands did compose  
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girles,  
Whose husbands may Earles  
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)  
And when that ye wed  
To the Bridall Bed,  
Then multiply all, like to Fishes.

*Men mind no State in Sicknesse.*

THat flow of Gallants which approach  
To kisse thy hand from out the coach ;  
That fleet of Lackeyes, which do run  
Before thy swift Postilion ;  
Those strong-hoof'd Mules, which we behold,  
Rein'd in with Purple, Pearl, and gold,  
And shod with silver, prove to be  
The drawers of the *axeltree*.  
Thy Wife, thy Children, and the state  
Of *Persian* Loomes, and *antique* Plate :  
All these, and more, shall then afford  
No joy to thee their sickly Lord.

*Adversity.*

ADversity hurts none, but onely such [much]  
Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too



*Want.*

**N**Eed is no vice at all ; though here it be,  
With men, a loathed inconveniencie.

*Griefe.*

**S**orrowes divided amongst many, lesse  
Discruciate a man in deep distresse.

*Love palpable.*

**I**Preſt my *Julia's* lips, and in the kiſſe  
Her Soule and Love were palpable in this.

*No Action hard to Affection.*

**N**Othing hard, or harſh can prove  
Unto thoſe that truly love.

*Meane Things overcome mighty.*

**B**Y the weak'ſt means things mighty are o're-  
thrown,  
*He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.*

*Upon Trigg, Epig.*

**T**Rigg having turn'd his ſute, he ſtruts in ſtate,  
And tells the world, he's now regenerate.

*Upon Smeaton.*

**H**OW co'd *Luke Smeaton* weare a shoe, or boot,  
Who two and thirty cornes had on a foot.

*The Bracelet of Pearle: to Silvia.*

**I** Brake thy Bracelet 'gainst my will;  
And, wretched, I did see  
Thee discomposed then, and still  
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost; and I will get  
A richer pearle for thee,  
Then ever, dearest *Silvia*, yet  
Was drunk to *Antonie*.

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what  
Thou for the breach shalt do;  
First, crack the strings, and after that,  
Cleave thou my heart in two.

*How Roses came red.*

**'T**Is said, as *Cupid* danc't among  
The *Gods*, he down the Nectar flung;  
Which, on the white *Rose* being shed,  
Made it for ever after red.

*Kings.*

**M**EN are not born Kings, but are men re-  
nown'd;  
Chose first, confirm'd next, & at last are crown'd.

*First Work, and then Wages.*

**P**Repos't'rous is that order, when we run  
To ask our wages, e're our work be done.

*Teares, and Laughter.*

**K**New'ft thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life  
away,  
Thou'dst weep ; but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

*Glory.*

**G**Lory no other thing is, *Tullie* sayes, [praise.  
Then a mans frequent Fame, spoke out with

*Possessions.*

**T**Hose possessions short-liv'd are,  
Into the which we come by warre.

*Laxare fibulam.*

**T**O loose the button, is no lesse,  
Then to cast off all bathfulnesse.

*His returne to London.*

**F**Rom the dull confines of the drooping West,  
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,

Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie  
 To thee, blest place of my Nativitie !  
 Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,  
 With thousand blessings by thy Fortune crown'd.  
 O fruitfull Genius ! that bestowest here  
 An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.  
 O *Place ! O People !* Manners ! fram'd to please  
 All *Nations, Customs, Kindreds, Languages !*  
 I am a free-born *Roman* ; suffer then,  
 That I amongst you live a Citizen.  
 London my home is : though by hard fate sent  
 Into a long and irksome banishment ;  
 Yet since cal'd back ; henceforward let me be,  
 O native countrey, repofest by thee !  
 For, rather then I'll to the West return,  
 I'll beg of thee first here to have mine Urn.  
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;  
 Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall.

*Not every Day fit for Verse.*

'TIs not ev'ry day, that I  
 Fitted am to prophesie :  
 No, but when the Spirit fls  
 The fantastick Pannicles :  
 Full of fier ; then I write  
 As the Godhead doth indite.  
 Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,  
 Like the *Sybells*, through the world.  
 Look how next the holy fier

Either flakes, or doth retire ;  
 So the Fancie cooles, till when  
 That brave Spirit comes agen.

*Poverty the greatest pack.*

TO mortall men great loads allotted be,  
*But of all packs, no pack like poverty.*

*A Beucolick, or Discourse of Neatherds.*

1 COME, blithesfull Neatherds, let us lay  
 A wager, who the best shall play,  
 Of thee, or I, the Roundelay,  
 That fits the businesse of the Day.

*Chor.* And *Lallage* the Judge shall be,  
 To give the prize to thee, or me.

2 Content, begin, and I will bet  
 A Heifer smooth, and black as jet,  
 In every part alike compleat,  
 And wanton as a Kid as yet.

*Chor.* And *Lallage*, with cow-like eyes,  
 Shall be Disposereffe of the prize.

1 Against thy Heifer, I will here  
 Lay to thy stake a lustie Steere,  
 With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.

*Chor.* Why then begin, and let us heare

The soft, the sweet, the mellow note  
That gently purles from eithers Oat.

- 2 The stakes are laid : let's now apply  
Each one to make his melody :

*Lal.* The equall Umpire shall be I,  
Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.

*Chor.* Much time is spent in prate ; begin,  
And sooner play, the sooner win.  
[*He plays.*

- 1 That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse :  
Thou art a man of worthinesse :  
But hark how I can now expresse  
My love unto my Neatherdesse.  
[*He sings.*

*Chor.* A sugar'd note ! and sound as sweet  
As Kine, when they at milking meet.

- 1 Now for to win thy Heifer faire,  
I'll strike thee such a nimble Ayre,  
That thou shalt say, thy selfe, 'tis rare ;  
And title me without compare.

*Chor.* Lay by a while your Pipes, and rest,  
Since both have here deserved best.

- 2 To get thy Steerling, once again,  
I'll play thee such another strain ;  
That thou shalt swear, my Pipe do's raigne  
Over thine Oat, as Soveraigne.  
[*He sings.*

*Chor.* And *Lallage* shall tell by this,  
Whose now the prize and wager is.

I Give me the prize : 2. The day is mine :  
I Not so ; my Pipe has silenc't thine :  
And hadst thou wager'd twenty Kine,  
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love combine.

*Chor.* And lay we down our Pipes together,  
As wearie, not o'recome by either.

*True safety.*

'T Is not the Walls, or purple, that defends  
A Prince from Foes ; but 'tis his Fort of  
Friends.

*A Prognostick.*

A S many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse  
Nought but a Kingdoms ill-affectednesse :  
Ev'n so, those streets and houses do but show  
Store of diseases, where Physitians flow.

*Upon Julia's Sweat.*

W O'd ye oyle of Blossomes get ?  
Take it from my *Julia's* sweat :  
Oyl of Lillies, and of Spike,  
From her moysture take the like :  
Let her breath, or let her blow,  
All rich spices thence will flow.

*Proof to no purpose.*

**Y**OU see this gentle streame, that glides,  
 Shov'd on, by quick succeeding Tides :  
 Trie if this sober streame you can  
 Follow to th' wilder Ocean :  
 And see, if there it keeps unspent  
 In that congesting element.  
 Next, from that world of waters, then  
 By poares and cavernes back agen  
 Induc't that inadultrate same  
 Streame to the Spring from whence it came.  
 This with a wonder when ye do,  
 As easie, and els easier too :  
 Then may ye recollect the graines  
 Of my particular Remaines ;  
 After a thousand Lusters hurld,  
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

*Fame.*

**'T**Is still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings  
 The order, but the Sum of things.

*By Use comes Easinesse.*

**O**Ft bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do,  
 What others can't with all their strength  
 put to.



*To the Genius of his House.*

**C**OMmand the Roofe, great *Genius*, and from  
 thence  
 Into this house powre downe thy influence,  
 That through each room a golden pipe may run  
 Of living water by thy *Benizon*.  
 Fulfill the Larders, and with strengthning bread  
 Be evermore these Bynns replenished.  
 Next, like a Bishop consecrate my ground,  
 That luckie Fairies here may dance their Round:  
 And after that, lay downe some silver pence,  
 The Masters charge and care to recompence.  
 Charme then the chambers; make the beds for ease,  
 More then for peevish pining sicknesses.  
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the Roofe  
 Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-prooffe.

*His Grange, or private Wealth.*

**T**Hough Clock,  
 To tell how night draws hence, I've none,  
 A Cock,  
 I have, to sing how day draws on.  
 I have  
 A maid, my *Prew*, by good luck sent,  
 To save  
 That little, Fates me gave or lent.

A Hen

I keep, which creaking day by day,

Tells when

She goes her long white egg to lay.

A goose

I have, which, with a jealous eare,

Lets loose

Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.

A Lamb

I keep (tame) with my morfells fed,

Whose Dam

An Orphan left him (lately dead.)

A Cat

I keep, that playes about my House,

Grown fat,

With eating many a miching Mouse.

To these

A *Trafy*\* I do keep, whereby

I please

The more my rurall privacie :

Which are

But toyes, to give my heart some ease :

Where care

None is, flight things do lightly please.

\* His Spaniel.

*Good Precepts, or Counsell.*

**I**N all thy need, be thou possest  
 Still with a well-prepared brest :  
 Nor let the shackles make thee sad ;  
 Thou canst but have, what others had.  
 And this for comfort thou must know,  
 Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.  
 Clouds will not ever powre down raine ;  
*A fullen day will cleere againe.*  
 First, peales of Thunder we must heare,  
 Then Lutes and Harpes shall stroke the eare.

*Money makes the Mirth.*

**W**Hen all Birds els do of their musick faile,  
 Money's the still-sweet-singing *Nightingale*.

*Up Tails all.*

**B**Egin with a kisse,  
 Go on too with this :  
 And thus, thus, thus let us smother  
 Our lips for a while,  
 But let's not beguile  
 Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,  
 Long enough has endur'd,  
 Since more and more is exacted ;

For love he doth call  
For his Uptales all ;  
And that's the part to be acted.

*Upon Franck.*

**F***Ranck* wo'd go scoure her teeth ; and setting  
Twice two fell out, all rotten at the root. [to't,

*Upon Lucia dabled in the Deaw.*

**M***Y Lucia* in the deaw did go,  
And prettily bedabled so,  
Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall  
Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.  
I follow'd after to descrie  
Part of the nak't sincerity ;  
But still the envious Scene between  
Deni'd the Mask I wo'd have seen.

*Charon and Phylomel, a Dialogue sung.*

*Ph.* **C***Haron ! O gentle Charon ! let me wooe*  
thee,

By tears and pitie now to come unto mee.

*Ch.* What voice so sweet and charming do I heare?  
Say what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first draw  
neare.

*Ch.* A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,  
Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O *Charon*, pittie me !

I am a bird, and though no name I tell,  
My warbling note will say I'm *Phylomel*.

*Ch.* What's that to me, I waft nor fish or fowles,  
Nor Beasts, fond thing, but only humane  
soules.

*Ph.* Alas for me ! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching  
note,

That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my  
Boat :

But Ile returne ; what mischief brought thee  
hither ?

*Ph.* A deale of Love, and much, much Griefe to-  
gether.

*Ch.* What's thy request ? *Ph.* That since she's  
now beneath

Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.

*Ch.* And is that all ? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love I  
pray thee, [me.

*Ch.* Talk not of love, all pray, but few soules pay

*Ph.* Ile give thee vows & tears. *Ch.* Can tears  
pay skores

For mending saile, for patching Boat and  
Oares ?

*Ph.* I'll beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,  
Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a song.

*Ch.* Why then begin, and all the while we make  
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian Lake,  
Thou & I'll sing to make these dull Shades  
merry,

Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my  
ferry.

*Upon Paul. Epigr.*

**P***Auls* hands do give, what give they, bread or  
 meat,  
 Or money? no, but onely deaw and sweate.  
 As stons and salt gloves use to give, even so  
*Pauls* hands do give, nought else for ought we know.

*Upon Sibb. Epigr.*

**S***ibb* when she saw her face how hard it was,  
 For anger spat on thee her Looking-glasse:  
 But weep not, *Christall*; for the shame was meant  
 Not unto thee, but That thou didst present.

*A Ternarie of Littles, upon a Pipkin of  
 Fellie sent to a Lady.*

**A** Little Saint best fits a little Shrine,  
 A little prop best fits a little Vine,  
 As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.

A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,  
 A little Trade best fits a little Toyle:  
 As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.

A little Bin best fits a little Bread,  
 A little Garland fits a little Head:  
 As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.

A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,  
 A little Chappell fits a little Quire,  
 As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.

A little streame best fits a little Boat ;  
 A little lead best fits a little Float ;  
 As my small Pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie,  
 As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,  
 This little Pipkin fits this little Jellie.

*Upon the Roses in Julia's Bosome.*

**T**Hrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have  
 Within the Bosome of my Love your grave.  
 Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,  
 Your Grave her Bosome is, the Lawne the Stone.

*Maids Nay's are nothing.*

**M**Aids nay's are nothing, they are shie  
 But to desire what they denie.

*The Smell of the Sacrifice.*

**T**He Gods require the thighes  
 Of Beeves for sacrifice ;  
 Which roasted, we the steam  
 Must sacrifice to them :

Who though they do not eat,  
Yet love the smell of meat.

*Lovers how they come and part.*

**A** Gyges Ring they beare about them still,  
To be, and not seen when and where they  
will.

They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes  
fall,

They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.

So silently they one to th' other come,

As colours steale into the Peare or Plum,

And Aire-like, leave no pression to be seen

Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

*To Women, to hide their Teeth, if they be  
rotten or rusty.*

**C**lose keep your lips, if that you meane  
To be accounted inside cleane :  
For if you cleave them, we shall see  
There in your teeth much Leprosie.

*In Praise of Women.*

**O** Jupiter, sho'd I speake ill  
Of woman-kind, first die I will ;  
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest  
Of creatures, woman is the best.



*The Apron of Flowers.*

TO gather Flowers *Sappha* went,  
And homeward she did bring  
Within her *Lawnie* Continent,  
The treasure of the Spring.

She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,  
And sweetly blushing thus,  
She lookt as she'd been got with child  
By young *Favonius*.

Her Apron gave (as she did passe)  
An Odor more divine,  
More pleasing too, then ever was  
The lap of *Proserpine*.

*The Candor of Julia's Teeth.*

WHITE as *Zenobias* teeth, the which the Girles  
Of Rome did weare for their most precious  
Pearles.

*Upon her weeping.*

SHe wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,  
She seem'd to quench loves fires that there did  
glow.

*Another upon her weeping.*

**S**He by the River fate, and sitting there,  
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

*Delay.*

**B**reak off Delay, since we but read of one  
That ever prosper'd by *Cunctation*.

*To Sir John Berkley, Governour of Exeter.*

**S**Tand forth, brave man, since Fate has made  
The *Hector* over *Aged Exeter*; [thee here  
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,  
Like a *poore Lady* lost in Widdowhood:  
But feares not now to see her safety fold  
(As other Townes and Cities were) for gold,  
By those ignoble *Births*, which shame the stem  
That gave Progermination unto them:  
Whose restless *Ghosts* shall heare their children  
sing,

*Our Sires betraid their Countrey and their King.*  
True, if this Citie seven times rounded was  
With rock, and seven times circumflankt with  
brasse,

Yet if thou wert not, *Berkley*, loyall prooffe,  
The Senators down tumbling with the Roofe,

Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,  
 Leaving no shew, where stood the *Capitoll*.  
 But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please  
 Thy *Genius* with two strength'ning *Buttreffes*,  
*Faith*, and *Affection* : which will never slip  
 To weaken this thy great *Dictator-ship*.

*To Electra. Love looks for Love.*

**L**Ove love begets, then never be  
 Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.  
 Tygers and Beares (I've heard some say)  
 For profer'd love will love repay :  
 None are so harsh, but if they find  
 Softnesse in others, will be kind ;  
 Affection will affection move,  
 Then you must like, because I love.

*Regression spoiles Resolution.*

**H**Ast thou attempted greatnesse ? then go on,  
 Back-turning slackens Resolution.

*Contention.*

**D**iscreet and prudent we that Discord call,  
 That either profits, or not hurts at all.

*Consultation.*

Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on  
With all wise speed for execution.

*Love dislikes nothing.*

Whatsoever thing I see,  
Rich or poore although it be ;  
'Tis a Mistresse unto mee.

Be my Girle, or faire or browne,  
Do's she smile, or do's she frowne :  
Still I write a Sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin ;  
When I touch, I then begin  
For to let Affection in.

Be she bald, or do's she weare  
Locks incurld of other haire ;  
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,  
So my fancie be content,  
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane,  
Be she sluttish, be she cleane,  
I'm a man for ev'ry Sceane.

*Our own Sinnes unseen.*

**O**Ther mens sins wee ever beare in mind ;  
*None sees the fardell of his faults behind.*

*No Paines, no Gaines.*

**I**F little labour, little are our gaines :  
 Mans fortunes are according to his paines.

*Upon Slouch.*

**S***louch* he packs up, and goes to sev'rall Faïres,  
 And weekly Markets for to sell his wares :  
 Meane time that he from place to place do's rome,  
 His wife her owne ware sells as fast at home.

*Vertue best united.*

**B**Y so much, vertue is the lesse,  
 By how much, neere to singleneſſe.

*The eye.*

**A** Wanton and lascivious eye  
 Betrayes the Hearts Adulterie.

*To Prince Charles upon his coming to Exeter.*

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us  
see

A Renovation of the West by Thee.  
That Preternaturall Fever, which did threat  
Death to our Countrey, now hath lost his heat :  
And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more  
Th' unequall Pulse to beat, as heretofore.  
Something there yet remaines for Thee to do ;  
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.  
Go on with *Sylla's* Fortune ; let thy Fate  
Make Thee like Him, this, that way fortunate,  
*Apollos* Image side with Thee to bleſſe  
Thy Warre, discreetly made, with white ſucceſſe.  
Meane time thy Prophets Watch by Watch ſhall  
pray ;  
While young *Charles* fights, and fighting wins  
the day.  
That done, our ſmooth-pac't Poems all ſhall be  
Sung in the high *Doxologie* of Thee.  
Then maids ſhall ſtrew Thee, and thy Curles  
from them  
Receive, with Songs, a flowrie Diadem.

*A Song.*

BURNE, or drowne me, chooſe ye whether,  
So I may but die together :

Thus to flay me by degrees,  
 Is the height of Cruelties.  
 What needs twenty stabs, when one  
 Strikes me dead as any stone?  
 O shew mercy then, and be  
 Kind at once to murder mee.

*Princes and Favourites.*

**P**Rinces and Fav'rites are most deere, while  
 they  
 By giving and receiving hold the play:  
 But the Relation then of both growes poor,  
 When These can aske, and Kings can give no  
 more.

*Examples, or like Prince, like People.*

**E**Xamples lead us, and wee likely see,  
 Such as the Prince is, will his People be.

*Potentates.*

**L**Ove and the Graces evermore do wait  
 Upon the man that is a Potentate.

*The Wake.*

**C**OME, *Anthea*, let us two  
 Go to Feast, as others do.  
 Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,

Are the Junketts still at Wakes :  
 Unto which the Tribes resort,  
 Where the businesse is the sport :  
 Morris-dancers thou shalt see,  
 Marian too in Pagentrie :  
 And a Mimick to devise  
 Many grinning properties.  
 Players there will be, and those  
 Base in action as in clothes :  
 Yet with strutting they will please  
 The incurious Villages.  
 Neer the dying of the day,  
 There will be a *Cudgell*-Play,  
 Where a *Coxcomb* will be broke,  
 Ere a good *word* can be spoke :  
 But the anger ends all here,  
 Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.  
 Happy Rusticks, best content  
 With the cheapest Merriment :  
 And possesse no other feare,  
 Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

*The Peter-penny.*

**F**RESH strowings allow  
 To my Sepulcher now,  
 To make my lodging the sweeter ;  
 A staffe or a wand  
 Put then in my hand,  
 With a pennie to pay *S. Peter*.



Who has not a Croffe,  
 Muft fit with the loffe,  
 And no whit further muft venture ;  
 Since the Porter he  
 Will paid have his fee,  
 Or els not one there muft enter.

Who at a dead lift,  
 Can't fend for a gift  
 A Pig to the Priett for a Rofter,  
 Shall heare his Clarke fay,  
 By yea and by nay,  
*No pennie, no Pater Nofter.*

*To Doctor Alablaffer.*

**N**Or art thou leffe esteem'd, that I have plac'd  
 (Amongst mine honour'd) Thee (almost)  
 the laft :  
 In great Proceffions many lead the way  
 To him, who is the triumph of the day,  
 As thefe have done to Thee, who art the one,  
 One onely glory of a million,  
 In whom the ſpirit of the Gods do's dwell,  
 Firing thy foule, by which thou doſt foretell  
 When this or that vaſt *Dinaſtie* muſt fall  
 Downe to a *Fillit* more *Imperiall*.  
 When this or that *Horne* ſhall be broke, and when  
 Others ſhall ſpring up in their place agen :

When times and seasons and all yeares must lie  
 Drown'd in the Sea of wild Eternitie :  
 When the *Black Dooms-day Bookes* (as yet un-  
 seal'd)  
 Shall by the mighty *Angell* be reveal'd :  
 And when the Trumpet which thou late hast found  
 Shall call to Judgment ; tell us when the sound  
 Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,  
 And next the Gospell wee will credit thee.  
 Meane time like Earth-wormes we will craule  
 below,  
 And wonder at Those Things that thou dost  
 know.

*Upon his Kinswoman Mrs. M.S.*

HERE lies a Virgin, and as sweet  
 As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.  
 Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,  
 The Marble speaks it *Mary Stone* :  
 Who dying in her blooming yeares,  
 This Stone, for names sake, melts to teares.  
 If, fragrant Virgins, you'l but keep  
 A Fast, while Jets and Marbles weep,  
 And praying, strew some Roses on her,  
 You'l do my *Neice* abundant honour.

*Felicitie knowes no Fence.*

OF both our Fortunes good and bad we find  
 Prosperitie more searching of the mind :

Felicitie flies o're the Wall and Fence,  
While misery keeps in with patience.

*Death ends all Woe.*

**T**ime is the Bound of things, where e're we go,  
*Fate gives a meeting. Death's the end of woe.*

*A Conjuratiō, to Electra.*

**B**Y those soft Tods of wooll  
With which the aire is full :  
By all those Tinctures there,  
That paint the *Hemisphere* :  
By Dewes and drizzling Raine,  
That swell the Golden Graine :  
By all those sweets that be  
I'th flowrie Nunnerie :  
By silent Nights, and the  
Three Formes of *Heccate* :  
By all Aspects that blesse  
The sober *Sorcereffe*,  
While juice she straines, and pith  
To make her Philters with :  
By Time, that hastens on  
Things to perfection :  
And by your self, the best  
Conjurement of the rest :  
O my *Electra* ! be  
In love with none, but me.

*Courage cool'd.*

I Cannot love, as I have lov'd before :  
For I'm grown old &, with mine age, grown  
poore :

*Love must be fed by wealth* : this blood of mine  
Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

*The Spell.*

H Oly Water come and bring ;  
Cast in Salt, for seasoning :  
Set the Brush for sprinkling :  
Sacred Spittle bring ye hither ;  
Meale and it now mix together ;  
And a little Oyle to either :  
Give the Tapers here their light,  
Ring the *Saints-Bell*, to affright  
Far from hence the evill Sp'rite.

*His Wish to Privacie.*

G Ive me a Cell  
To dwell,  
Where no foot hath  
A path :  
There will I spend,  
And end  
My wearied yeares  
In teares.

*A good Husband.*

**A** Master of a house (as I have read)  
 Must be the first man up, and last in bed :  
 With the Sun rising he must walk his grounds ;  
 See this, View that, and all the other bounds :  
 Shut every gate ; mend every hedge that's torne,  
 Either with old, or plant therein new thorne :  
 Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that where  
 He sets his foot, he leaves rich *compost* there.

*A Hymne to Bacchus.*

**I** Sing thy praise, *Iacchus*,  
 Who with thy *Thyrse* dost thwack us :  
 And yet thou so dost back us  
 With boldness that we feare  
 No *Brutus* entring here ;  
 Nor *Cato* the severe.  
 What though the *Lictors* threat us,  
 We know they dare not beate us ;  
 So long as thou dost heat us.  
 When we thy *Orgies* sing,  
 Each Cobler is a King ;  
 Nor dreads he any thing :  
 And though he doe not rave,  
 Yet he'l the courage have  
 To call my *Lord Maior* knave ;  
 Besides too, in a brave,

Although he has no riches,  
 But walks with dangling breeches,  
 And skirts that want their stiches,  
 And shewes his naked flitches ;  
 Yet he'le be thought or seen,  
 So good as *George-a-Green* ;  
 And calls his Blouze, his Queene ;  
 And speaks in language keene :  
 O *Bacchus* ! let us be  
 From cares and troubles free ;  
 And thou shalt heare how we  
 Will chant new *Hymnes* to thee.

*Upon Puffe and her Prentice. Epig.*

**P**uffe and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves play ;  
 That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day :  
 At night they draw to Supper ; then well fed,  
 They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

*Blame the reward of Princes.*

**A**Mong disasters that discention brings,  
 This not the least is, which belongs to Kings.  
 If Wars goe well ; each for a part layes claime :  
 If ill, then Kings, not Souldiers beare the blame.

*Clemency in Kings.*

**K**ings must not only cherish up the good,  
 But must be niggards of the meanest bloud.

*Anger.*

**W**Rongs, if neglected, vanish in short time ;  
But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

*A Psalme or Hymne to the Graces.*

**G**Lory be to the Graces !  
That doe in publike places,  
Drive thence what ere encumbers,  
The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces !  
Who doe with sweet embraces,  
Shew they are well contented  
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces !  
Who do from sowre faces,  
And lungs that wo'd infect me,  
For evermore protect me.

*An Hymne to the Muses.*

**H**onour to you who sit !  
Neere to the well of wit ;  
And drink your fill of it.

Glory and worship be !  
To you, sweet Maids (thrice three)  
Who still inspire me.

And teach me how to sing  
 Unto the *Lyrick* string  
 My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,  
 My *Priest-hood* crown with bayes  
 Green, to the end of dayes.

*Upon Julia's Clothes.*

WHen as in filks my *Julia* goes,  
 Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes  
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
 That brave Vibration each way free ;  
 O how that glittering taketh me !

*Moderation.*

IN things a moderation keepe,  
*Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.*

*To Anthea.*

LEts call for *Hymen* if agreed thou art ;  
*Delays in love but crucifie the heart.*  
 Loves thornie Tapers yet neglected lye :  
 Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.  
 The nimble howers wooe us on to wed,  
 And *Genius* waits to have us both to bed.



Behold, for us the *Naked Graces* stay  
 With maunds of roses for to strew the way :  
 Besides, the most religious Prophet stands  
 Ready to joyne, as well our hearts as hands.  
*Juno* yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,  
 Ill luck 'twill bode to th' Bridegroome and the  
 Bride.

Tell me, *Anthea*, dost thou fondly dread  
 The los of that we call a Maydenhead ?  
 Come, Ile instruct thee. Know, the vestall fier  
 Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher.

*Upon Prew his Maid.*

IN this little Urne is laid  
*Prewdence Baldwin* (once my maid)  
 From whose happy spark here let  
 Spring the purple Violet.

*The Invitation.*

TO sup with thee thou didst me home invite ;  
 And mad'st a promise that mine appetite  
 Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious meat,  
 The like not *Heliogabalus* did eat :  
 And richer Wine wo'dst give to me, thy guest,  
 Then Roman *Sylla* powr'd out at his feast.  
 I came ; tis true, and lookt for Fowle of price,  
 The bastard *Phoenix* ; bird of *Paradice* ;  
 And for no less then Aromatick Wine

Of *Maydens-blush*, commixt with *Jessimine*.  
 Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet ;  
 Which wanting *Lar*, and smoke, hung weeping  
                   wet ;

At last, i'th'noone of winter, did appeare  
 A ragd-souft-neats-foot with sick vineger :  
 And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by  
 Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity.  
 At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,  
 How cold it was, and how it child my blood ;  
 I curst the master ; and I damn'd the souce ;  
 And swore I'de got the ague of the house.  
 Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,  
 I'le bring a Fever ; since thou keep'st no fire.

*Ceremonies for Christmasse.*

Come, bring with a noise,  
 My merrie merrie boyes,  
 The Christmas Log to the firing ;  
 While my good Dame, she  
     Bids ye all be free ;  
 And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeeres brand  
 Light the new block, And  
 For good successe in his spending,  
     On your Pſalties play,  
     That sweet luck may  
 Come while the Log is a teending.

Drink now the strong Beere,  
 Cut the white loafe here,  
 The while the meat is a shredding ;  
 For the rare Mince-Pie  
 And the Plums stand by  
 To fill the Pafte that's a kneading.

*Chriftmasfe-Eve, another  
 Ceremonie.*

COME guard this night the Chriftnas-Pie,  
 That the Thiefe, though ne'r fo flie,  
 With his Flefh-hooks, don't come nie  
 To catch it.

From him, who all alone fits there,  
 Having his eyes ftill in his eare,  
 And a deale of nightly feare  
 To watch it.

*Another to the Maids.*

WASH your hands, or elfe the fire  
 Will not teend to your defire ;  
 Unwafht hands, ye Maidens, know,  
 Dead the Fire, though ye blow.

*Another.*

WASSAile the Trees, that they may beare  
 You many a Plum, and many a Peare :

For more or lesse fruits they will bring,  
As you doe give them Waffailing.

*Power and Peace.*

'T *Is never, or but seldome knowne,  
Power and Peace to keep one Throne.*

*To his deare Valentine, Mistresse  
Margaret Falconbrige.*

NOW is your turne, my Dearest, to be set  
A Jem in this eternall Coronet :  
'Twas rich before ; but since your Name is downe,  
It sparkles now like *Ariadne's* Crowne.  
Blaze by this Sphere for ever : Or this doe,  
Let Me and It shine evermore by you.

*To Oenone.*

SWEET *Oenone*, doe but say  
Love thou dost, though Love sayes Nay.  
Speak me faire ; for Lovers be  
Gently kill'd by Flatterie.

*Verses.*

WHO will not honour Noble Numbers, when  
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men ?

*Happinesse.*

**T**Hat Happines do's still the longest thrive,  
Where Joyes and Griefs have Turns Alter-  
native.

*Things of Choice, long a comming.*

**W**E pray'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace;  
*Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.*

*Poetry perpetuates the Poet.*

**H**ere I my selfe might likewise die,  
And utterly forgotten lye,  
But that eternall Poetrie  
Repullulation gives me here  
Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,  
When all now dead shall re-appeare.

*Upon Bice.*

**B***Ice* laughs, when no man speaks; and doth  
protest  
It is his own breach there that breaks the jest.

*Upon Trencherman.*

**T**om shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can  
Endure that luke-warme name of Serving-  
man :

Serve or not serve, let *Tom* doe what he can,  
He is a serving, who's a Trencher-man.

*Kisses.*

**G**Ive me the food that satisfies a Guest :  
Kisses are but dry banquets to a Feast.

*Orpheus.*

**O***Orpheus* he went (as Poets tell)  
To fetch *Euridice* from Hell ;  
And had her ; but it was upon  
This short but strict condition :  
Backward he should not looke while he  
Led her through Hells obscuritie :  
But ah ! it hapned as he made  
His passage through that dreadfull shade :  
Revolve he did his loving eye ;  
(For gentle feare, or jelousie)  
And looking back, that look did sever  
Him and *Euridice* for ever.

*Upon Comely a good Speaker but  
an ill Singer, Epig.*

**C**omely Acts well ; and when he speaks his part,  
He doth it with the sweetest tones of Art :  
But when he sings a *Psalme*, ther's none can be  
More curst for singing out of tune then he.

*Any Way for Wealth.*

**E**'Ene all Religious courtes to be rich  
 Hath been reherst, by *Joell Michelditch* :  
 But now perceiving that it still do's please  
 The sterner Fates, to crosse his purposes ;  
 He tacks about, and now he doth profess  
 Rich he will be by all unrighteousness :  
 Thus if our ship fails of her Anchor hold,  
 We'l love the Divell, so he lands the gold.

*Upon an old Woman.*

**O**Ld widdow *Proufe* to do her neighbours evill  
 Wo'd give (some say) her soule unto the  
 Devill.  
 Well, when sh'as kild that Pig, Goose, Cock or  
 Hen,  
 What wo'd she give to get that soule agen ?

*Upon Peach. Epig.*

**T**Hou writes in Prose, how sweet all Virgins be ;  
 But ther's not one, doth praise the smell of  
 thee.

*To Sapho.*

**S***Apho*, I will chuse to go  
 Where the Northern winds do blow

Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow :  
 Rather then I once wo'd see,  
 But a Winters face in thee,  
 To benumme my hopes and me.

*To his faithfull Friend, Master John Crofts,  
 Cup-bearer to the King.*

For all thy many courtesies to me,  
 Nothing I have, my *Crofts*, to fend to Thee  
 For the requitall ; save this only one  
 Halfe of my just remuneration.  
 For since I've travail'd all this Realm throughout  
 To seeke, and find some few *Immortals* out  
 To *circumspangle* this my spacious Sphere,  
 (As Lamps for everlasting shining here :)  
 And having fixt Thee in mine *Orbe* a Starre,  
 Amongst the rest, both bright and singular ;  
 The present Age will tell the world thou art  
 If not to th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.  
 As for the rest, being too great a summe  
 Here to be paid ; Ile pay't i'th'world to come.

*The Bride-Cake.*

This day, my *Julia*, thou must make  
 For Mistresse Bride, the wedding Cake :  
 Knead but the Dow, and it will be  
 To paste of Almonds turn'd by thee :



Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice,  
And for the Bride-Cake ther'l be Spice.

*To be merry.*

**L**ets now take our time ;  
While w'are in our Prime ;  
And old, old Age is a farre off :  
For the evill evill dayes  
Will come on apace ;  
Before we can be aware of.

*Buriall.*

**M**An may want Land to live in ; but for all,  
Nature finds out some place for buriall.

*Lenitie.*

**'T**Is the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art,  
Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

*Penitence.*

**W**Ho after his transgression doth repent,  
Is halfe, or altogether innocent.

*Griefe.*

**C**onsider sorrowes, how they are aright :  
*Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis  
light.*

*The Maiden-blush.*

SO look the mornings when the Sun  
 Paints them with fresh Vermilion :  
 So Cherries blush, and Kathern Peares,  
 And Apricocks, in youthfull yeares :  
 So Corrolls looke more lovely Red,  
 And Rubies lately polished :  
 So purest Diaper doth shine,  
 Stain'd by the Beames of Clarret wine :  
 As *Julia* looks when she doth dresse  
 Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

*The Meane.*

*Mparitie doth ever discord bring :  
 The Mean the Musique makes in every thing.*

*Haste hurtfull.*

IF *Aste* is unhappy : What we Rashly do  
 Is both unluckie ; I, and foolish too.  
*There War with rashnesse is attempted, there  
 the Soldiers leave the Field with equall feare.*

*Purgatory.*

READERS, wee entreat ye pray  
 For the soule of *Lucia* ;

That in little time she be  
 From her *Purgatory* free :  
 In th' *intrin* she desires  
 That your teares may coole her fires.

*The Cloud.*

SEest thou that Cloud that rides in State  
 Part *Ruby-like*, part *Candidate* ?  
 It is no other then the Bed  
 Where *Venus* sleeps, halfe smothered.

*Upon Loach.*

SEal'd up with Night-gum, *Loach* each morning  
 lyes,  
 Till his Wife licking, so unglews his eyes.  
 No question then, but such a lick is sweet,  
 When a warm tongue do's with such Ambers meet.

*The Amber Bead.*

ISaw a Flie within a Beade  
 Of Amber cleanly buried :  
 The Urne was little, but the room  
 More rich then *Cleopatra's* Tombe.

*To my dearest Sister M. Mercie Herrick.*

WHen ere I go, or what so ere befalls  
 Me in mine Age, or forraign Funerals,

This Blessing I will leave thee, ere I go,  
 Prosper thy Basket, and therein thy Dow.  
 Feed on the paste of Filberts, or else knead  
 And Bake the floure of Amber for thy bread.  
 Balm may thy Trees drop, and thy Springs runne  
     oyle,  
 And everlasting Harveſt crown thy Soile !  
 Theſe I but wiſh for ; but thy ſelfe ſhall ſee,  
 The Bleſſing fall in mellow times on Thee.

*The Transfiguration.*

Immortall clothing I put on,  
 So ſoone as *Julia* I am gon  
 To mine eternall Manſion.

Thou, thou art here, to humane fight  
 Cloth'd all with incorrupted light ;  
 But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art ſet  
 In thy refulgent Thronelet,  
 That ſhin'ſt thus in thy counterfeit ?

*Suffer that thou canſt not ſhift.*

Do's Fortune rend thee ? Beare with thy hard  
     Fate :

*Vertuous inſtructions ne'r are delicate.*

Say, do's ſhe frown ? ſtill countermand her threats :  
*Vertue beſt loves thoſe children that ſhe beates.*

*To the Passenger.*

IF I lye unburied, Sir,  
 These my Reliques, pray, interre ;  
 'Tis religious part to see  
 Stones, or turfes to cover me.  
 One word more I had to say ;  
 But it skills not ; go your way ;  
 He that wants a buriall roome  
*For a Stone, ha's Heaven his Tombe.*

*Upon Nodes.*

WHere ever *Nodes* do's in the Summer come,  
 He prayes his Harveft may be well brought  
 home.  
 What ftore of Corn has carefull *Nodes*, thinke you,  
 Whofe Field his foot is, and whofe Barn his fhoe?

## TO THE KING,

*Upon his taking of Leicefter.*

THIS Day is Yours, *Great CHARLES!* and  
 in this War  
 Your Fate, and Ours, alike Victorious are.  
 In her white Stole ; now Victory do's reft  
*Enfpber'd with Palm on Your Triumphant Creft.*  
 Fortune is now Your Captive ; other Kings  
*Hold but her hands ; You hold both hands and wings.*

*To Julia, in her Dawn, or Day-breake.*

**B**Y the next kindling of the day  
My *Julia* thou shalt see,  
Ere *Ave-Mary* thou canst say  
He come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy Glasse,  
Appeare thou to mine eyes  
As smooth, and nak't, as she that was  
The prime of *Paradice*.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through  
A Lawn, that thou mayst looke  
As purest Pearles, or Pebles do  
When peeping through a Brooke.

As Lillies shrin'd in Christall, so  
Do thou to me appeare ;  
Or Damask Roses when they grow  
To sweet acquaintance there.

*Counsell.*

**'T**Was *Cesars* saying : *Kings no lesse Conquerors*  
*are*  
*By their wise Counsell, then they be by Warre.*

*Bad Princes pill their People.*

**L**Ike those infernall Deities which eate  
The best of all the sacrificed meate ;

And leave their servants, but the smoak & sweat :  
 So many *Kings*, and *Primates* too there are,  
 Who claim the Fat, and Fleshie for their share,  
 And leave their Subjects but the starved ware.

*Most Words, lesse Workes.*

**I**N desp'rate cases, all, or most are known  
 Commanders, *few for execution.*

*To Dianeme.*

**I** Co'd but see thee yesterday  
 Stung by a fretfull Bee ;  
 And I the Javelin suckt away,  
 And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and Bryars & Stings,  
 I have in my poore Brest ;  
 Yet ne'r can see that salve which brings  
 My Passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire  
 How thou canst sit and smile,  
 To see me bleed, and not desire  
 To stench the blood the while.

If thou compos'd of gentle mould  
 Art so unkind to me ;  
 What dismall Stories will be told  
 Of those that cruell be ?

*Upon Tap.*

**T**<sup>*Ap*</sup> (better known then trusted) as we heare,  
 Sold his old Mothers Spectacles for Beere :  
 And not unlikely ; rather too then fail,  
 He'l sell her Eyes, and Nose, for Beere and Ale.

*His Loffe.*

**A**LL has been plundered from me, but my wit;  
 Fortune her selfe can lay no claim to it.

*Draw, and Drinke.*

**M**Ilk stil your Fountains, and your Springs, for  
 why ?  
 The more th'are drawn, the lesse they wil grow  
 dry.

*Upon Punchin. Epig.*

**G**Ive me a reason why men call  
*Punchin* a dry *plant-animall*.  
 Because as Plants by water grow,  
*Punchin* by Beere and Ale spreads so.

*To Oenone.*

**T**Hou sayest Loves Dart  
 Hath prickt thy heart ;



And thou do'st languish too :  
 If one poore prick,  
 Can make thee sick,  
 Say, what wo'd many do ?

*Upon Blinks. Epig.*

**T***Om Blinks*, his Nose is full of wheales, and these

*Tom* calls not pimples, but *Pimpleides* :  
 Sometimes, in mirth, he sayes each welk's a sparke  
 (When drunke with Beere) to light him home,  
 i'th'dark.

*Upon Adam Peapes. Epig.*

**P***Peapes* he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if  
 His jawes had tir'd on some large Chine of  
 Beefe.

But nothing so : The Dinner *Adam* had,  
 Was cheefe full ripe with Teares, with Bread as  
 sad.

*To Electra.*

**S**Hall I go to Love and tell,  
 Thou art all turn'd isicle ?  
 Shall I say her Altars be  
 Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee ?  
 O beware ! in time submit ;  
 Love has yet no wrathfull fit :

If her patience turns to ire,  
Love is then consuming fire.

*To Miftresse Amie Potter.*

**A** I me ! I love, give him your hand to kiffe  
Who both your wooer and your Poet is.  
Nature has pre-compos'd us both to Love ;  
Your part's to grant ; my Scean must be to move.  
Deare, can you like, and liking love your Poet ?  
If you say, I, Blush-guiltinesse will shew it.  
Mine eyes must wooe you, though I sigh the  
while,  
*True Love is tonguelesse as a Crocodile.*  
And you may find in Love these differing Parts ;  
*Wooers have Tongues of Ice, but burning hearts.*

*Upon a Maide.*

**H**ere she lyes, in Bed of Spice,  
Faire as *Eve* in Paradise :  
For her beauty it was such  
Poets co'd not praise too much.  
Virgins, come, and in a Ring  
Her supreamest *Requiem* sing ;  
Then depart, but see ye tread  
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

*Upon Love.*

**L**Ove is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere ;  
From good to good, revolving here & there.

*Beauty.*

**B**eauti's no other but a lovely Grace  
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

*Upon Love.*

**S**ome salve to every sore, we may apply ;  
Only for my wound there's no remedy.  
Yet if my *Julia* kisse me, there will be  
A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

*Upon Hanch, a Schoolmaster. Epig.*

**H***anch*, since he lately did interre his wife,  
He weepes and sighs, as weary of his life.  
Say, is't for reall grieffe he mourns ? not so ;  
*Teares have their springs from joy, as well as woe.*

*Upon Peafon. Epig.*

**L**ong Locks of late our *Zelot Peafon* weares,  
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares ;  
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen,  
That Stubble stands, where once large eares have  
been.

*To his Booke.*

**M**Ake hafte away, and let one be  
 A friendly Patron unto thee :  
 Left rapt from hence, I fee thee lye  
 Torn for the use of Pasterie :  
 Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,  
 To make loofe Gownes for Mackarell :  
 Or see the Grocers in a trice,  
 Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

*Readinesse.*

**T**He readinesse of doing, doth expresse  
 No other, but the doer's willingnesse.

*Writing.*

**W**Hen words we want, Love teacheth to en-  
 dite ;  
 And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

*Society.*

**T**Wo things do make society to stand ;  
 The first *Commerce* is, & the next *Command*.

*Upon a Maid.*

**G**One she is a long, long way,  
 But she has decreed a day  
 Back to come, and make no stay :  
 So we keepe, till her returne  
 Here, her ashes, or her Urne.

*Satisfaction for Sufferings.*

**F**Or all our Workes, a Recompence is sure :  
 'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.

*The delaying Bride.*

**W**Hy so slowly do you move  
 To the centre of your love ?  
 On your niceness though we wait,  
 Yet the Houres say 'tis late :  
*Coyneffe takes us to a measure ;*  
*But o'racted deads the pleasure.*  
 Go to Bed, and care not when  
 Cheerfull day shall spring agen.  
 One *Brave Captain* did command,  
 By his word, the Sun to stand :  
 One short charme if you but say  
 Will enforce the Moon to stay,  
 Till you warn her hence, away,  
 T'ave your blushes seen by day.

*To M. Henry Lawes, the excellent Composer  
of his Lyricks.*

**T**ouch but thy Lire, my *Harrie*, and I heare  
From thee some raptures of the rare *Gotire*.  
Then if thy voice commingle with the String,  
I heare in thee the *Laniere* to sing ;  
Or curious *Wilson* : Tell me, canst thou be  
Lesse then *Apollo*, that usurp'st such Three ?  
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause ;  
Yet their Three praises, praise but One ; that's  
*Lawes*.

*Age unfit for Love.*

**M**Aidens tell me I am old ;  
Let me in my Glasse behold  
Whether smooth or not I be,  
Or if haire remaines to me.  
Well, or be't or be't not so, ;  
This for certainty I know ;  
Ill it fits old men to play,  
When that Death bids come away.

*The Bed-man, or Grave-maker.*

**T**Hou hast made many Houses for the Dead ;  
When my Lot calls me to be buried,  
For Love or Pittie, prethee let there be  
I'th' Church-yard made one Tenement for me.

*To Anthea.*

**A** *Nthea*, I am going hence  
 With some small stock of innocence :  
 But yet those blessed gates I see  
 Withstanding entrance unto me.  
 To pray for me doe thou begin,  
 The Porter then will let me in.

*Need.*

**W** Ho begs to die for feare of humane need,  
 Witheth his body, not his foule, good speed.

*To Julia.*

**I** Am zeallesse ; prethee pray  
 For my well-fare, *Julia*,  
 For I thinke the gods require  
 Male perfumes, but Female fire.

*On Julia's Lips.*

**S**weet are my *Julia's* lips, and cleane  
 As if or'e washt in Hippocrene.

*Twilight.*

**T**Wilight, no other thing is, Poets say,  
 Then the last part of night, and first of day.

*To his Friend, Master J. Jincks.*

**L**Ove, love me now, because I place  
Thee here among my righteous race :  
The bastard Slips may droop and die  
Wanting both Root, and Earth ; but thy  
Immortall selfe shall boldly trust  
To live for ever, with my Just.

*On Himselfe.*

**I**F that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere,  
And so soone stopt my longer living here ;  
What was't, ye Gods ! a dying man to save,  
But while he met with his Paternall grave ;  
Though while we living 'bout the world do roame,  
We love to rest in peacefull Urnes at home,  
Where we may snug, and close together lye,  
By the dead bones of our deare Ancestrie.

*Kings and Tyrants.*

**'T**Wixt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference known ;  
*Kings seek their Subjects' good : Tyrants their owne.*

*Crosses.*

**O**Ur Crosses are no other then the rods,  
And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods :



Each griefe we feele, that likewise is a Kite  
Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate, or bite.

*Upon Love.*

**L**ove brought me to a filent Grove,  
And shew'd me there a Tree,  
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,  
And gave a Twift to me.

The Halter was of filk, and gold,  
That he reacht forth unto me :  
No otherwise, then if he would  
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that Neck-lace use ;  
And told me too, he maketh  
A glorious end by such a Noose,  
His Death for Love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream ; but had I been  
There really alone ;  
My desp'rate feares, in love, had seen  
Mine Execution.

*No Difference i' th' Dark.*

**N**ight makes no difference 'twixt the Priest  
and Clark ;  
*For* as my Lady is as good i'th' dark.

*The Body.*

**T**He Body is the Soules poore house, or home,  
 Whose Ribs the Laths are, & whose Flesh  
 the Loame.

*To Sapho.*

**T**Hou saist thou lov'st me, *Sapho*; I say no;  
 But would to Love I could beleeve 'twas so!  
 Pardon my feares, sweet *Sapho*; I desire  
 That thou be righteous found; and I the Lier.

*Out of Time, out of Tune.*

**W**E blame, nay, we despise her paines  
 That wets her Garden when it raines:  
 But when the drought has dri'd the knot,  
 Then let her use the watring pot.  
 We pray for showers, at our need,  
 To drench, but not to drown our seed.

*To his Booke.*

**T**Ake mine advise, and go not neere  
 Those faces, sower as Vineger.  
 For these, and Nobler numbers can  
 Ne'r please the *supercillious* man.

*To his honour'd Friend, Sir Thomas Heale.*

**S**Tand by the *Magick* of my powerfull Rhymes  
 'Gainst all the indignation of the Times.  
 Age shall not wrong thee ; or one jot abate  
 Of thy both Great, and everlasting fate.  
 While others perish, here's thy life decreed  
 Because begot of my *Immortall* seed.

*The Sacrifice, by way of Discourse betwixt  
 Himselfe and Julia.*

*Herr.* **C**OME and let's in solemn wise  
 Both addresse to sacrifice :  
 Old Religion first commands  
 That we wash our hearts, and hands.  
 Is the beast exempt from staine,  
 Altar cleane, no fire prophane ?  
 Are the Garlands, Is the Nard  
 Ready here ?

*Jul.* All well prepar'd,  
 With the Wine that must be shed,  
 Twixt the hornes, upon the head  
 Of the holy Beast we bring  
 For our Trespasse-offering.

*Herr.* All is well ; now next to these  
 Put we on pure Surplices ;  
 And with Chaplets crown'd, we'l rost  
 With perfumes the Holocaust :

And, while we the gods invoke,  
 Reade acceptance by the smoake.

*To Apollo.*

**T**Hou mighty Lord and Master of the Lyre,  
 Unhorn *Apollo*, come, and re-inspire  
 My fingers so, the Lyrick-strings to move,  
 That I may play, and sing a Hymne to Love.

*On Love.*

**L**ove is a kind of warre: Hence those who  
 feare;  
 No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.

*Another.*

**W**Here love begins, there dead thy first desire:  
*A sparke neglected makes a mighty fire.*

*An Hymne to Cupid.*

**T**Hou, thou that bear'st the sway  
 With whom the Sea-Nymphs play;  
 And *Venus*, every way:  
 When I embrace thy knee;  
 And make short pray'rs to thee:  
 In love, then prosper me.  
 This day I goe to wooe;

Instruct me how to doe  
 This worke thou put'st me too.  
 From shame my face keepe free,  
 From scorne I begge of thee,  
 Love to deliver me :  
 So shall I sing thy praise ;  
 And to thee Altars raise,  
 Unto the end of daies.

*To Electra.*

**L** Et not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me :  
 Nor let my Herse be wept upon by thee :  
 But let that instant when thou dy'st be known,  
 The minute of mine *expiration*.  
 One knell be rung for both ; and let one grave  
 To hold us two, an endlesse honour have.

*How his soule came ensnared.*

**M**Y soule would one day goe and seeke  
 For Roses, and in *Julia's* cheek  
 A riches of those sweets she found,  
 As in an other *Rosamond*.  
 But gathering Roses as she was ;  
 Not knowing what would come to passe,  
 It chanc't a ringlet of her haire,  
 Caught my poore soule, as in a snare :  
 Which ever since has been in thrall ;  
 Yet freedome, shee enjoyes withall.

*Factions.*

**T**He factions of the great ones call,  
To side with them, the Commons all.

*Kisses Loathsome.*

**I** Abhor the slimie kisse,  
Which to me most loathsome is.  
Those lips please me which are plac't  
Close, but not too strictly lac't:  
Yeilding I wo'd have them; yet  
Not a wimbling Tongue admit:  
What sho'd poking-sticks make there,  
When the ruffe is set elsewhere?

*Upon Reape.*

**R***Eapes* eyes so rawe are, that, it seemes, the  
flyes  
Mistake the flesh, and flye-blow both his eyes;  
So that an Angler, for a daies expence,  
May baite his hooke, with maggots taken thence.

*Upon Teage.*

**T***Eage* has told lyes so long, that when *Teage*  
tells  
Truth, yet *Teages* truths are untruths, nothing else.

*Upon Julia's Haire, bundled up in a  
golden net.*

**T**ELL me, what needs those rich deceits,  
These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets,  
To take thine haire when they are knowne  
Already tame, and all thine owne ?  
'Tis I am wild, and more then haire  
Deserve these Masches and those snares.  
Set free thy Tresses, let them flow  
As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow :  
And let such curious Net-works be  
Lesse set for them, then spread for me.

*Upon Truggin.*

**T**RUGGIN a Footman was ; but now, growne  
lame,  
Truggin now lives but to belye his name.

*The Showre of Blossomes.*

**L**OVE in a showre of Blossomes came  
Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same :  
The Blooms that fell were white and red ;  
But with such sweets commingled,  
As whether, this, I cannot tell  
My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell :

But true it was, as I rowl'd there,  
Without a thought of hurt, or feare;  
Love turn'd himfelfe into a Bee,  
And with his Javelin wounded me :  
From which mishap this ufe I make,  
*Where moft sweets are, there lyes a Snake :*  
*Kiffes and Favours are sweet things ;*  
*But Thofe have thorns, and Thefe have ftings.*

*Upon Spenke.*

**S***penke* has a ftrong breath, yet fhort Prayers  
faith :  
Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

*A Defence for Women.*

**N**Aught are all Women : I fay no,  
Since for one Bad, one Good I know :  
For *Clytemneſtra* moſt unkind,  
Loving *Alceſtis* there we find :  
For one *Medea* that was bad,  
A good *Penelope* was had :  
For wanton *Lais*, then we have  
Chafte *Lucrece*, or a wife as grave :  
And thus through Woman-kind we ſee  
A Good and Bad. *Sirs, credit me.*



*Upon Lulls.*

**L**ulls fwears he is all heart ; but you'l suppose  
By his *Proboffis* that he is all nose.

*Slavery.*

**'T**Is liberty to ferve one Lord ; but he  
Who many ferves, ferves bafe fervility.

*Charmes.*

**B**Ring the holy cruft of Bread,  
Lay it underneath the head ;  
'Tis a certain Charm to keep  
Hags away, while Children fleep.

*Another.*

**L** Et the fuperftitious wife  
Neer the child's heart lay a knife :  
Point be up, and Haft be downe ;  
While ſhe goſſips in the towne,  
This 'mongſt other myſtick charms  
Keeps the ſleeping child from harms.

*Another to bring in the Witch.*

**T**O houſe the Hag, you muſt doe this ;  
Commix with Meale a little Piſſe

Of him bewicht : then forthwith make  
A little Wafer or a Cake ;  
And this rawly bak't will bring  
The old Hag in. No surer thing.

*Another Charme for Stables.*

**H**Ang up Hooks, and Sheers to scare  
Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare,  
Till they be all over wet,  
With the mire, and the sweat :  
This observ'd, the Manes shall be  
Of your horses, all knot-free.

*Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve.*

**D**Own with the Rosemary and Bayes,  
Down with the Mistleto ;  
In stead of Holly, now up-raise  
The greener Box, for show.

The Holly hitherto did fway ;  
Let Box now domineere ;  
Untill the dancing Easter-day,  
Or Easters Eve appeare.

Then youthfull Box which now hath grace,  
Your houses to renew ;  
Grown old, surrender must his place,  
Unto the crisped Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,  
 And many Flowers beside ;  
 Both of a fresh, and fragrant kinne  
 To honour Whitfontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,  
 With cooler Oken boughs ;  
 Come in for comely ornaments,  
 To re-adorn the house.  
 Thus times do shift ; each thing his turne do's hold ;  
*New things succeed, as former things grow old.*

*The Ceremonies for Candlemasse day.*

**K**indle the Christmas Brand and then  
 Till Sunne-set, let it burne ;  
 Which quencht, then lay it up agen,  
 Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend  
 The Christmas Log next yeare ;  
 And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend,  
 Can do no mischief, there.

*Upon Candlemasse Day.*

**E**Nd now the White-loafe, & the Pye,  
 And let all sports with Christmas dye.

*Surfeits.*

**B**Ad are all surfeits : but Phyfitians call  
That surfeit tooke by bread, the worst of all.

*Upon Nis.*

**N**Is, he makes Verses; but the Lines he writes,  
Serve but for matter to make Paper-kites.

*To Biancha, to blesse him.*

**W**O'd I wooe, and wo'd I winne,  
Wo'd I well my worke begin ?  
Wo'd I evermore be crown'd  
With the end that I propound ?  
Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent  
All Aspects malevolent ?  
Thwart all Wizzards, and with these  
Dead all black contingencies :  
Place my words, and all works else  
In most happy Parallels ?  
All will prosper, if so be  
I be kist, or blest by thee.

*Julia's Churching, or Purification.*

**P**Ut on thy *Holy Fillitings*, and so  
To th' Temple with the sober *Midwife* go.

Attended thus, in a most solemn wife,  
 By those who serve the Child-bed misteries.  
 Burn first thine incense ; next, when as thou see'st  
 The candid Stole thrown ore the *Pious Priest* ;  
 With reverend Curtsies come, and to him bring  
 Thy free, and not decurted offering.  
 All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice come,  
 As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake, home :  
 Where ceremonious *Hymen* shall for thee  
 Provide a second *Epithalamie*.  
*She who keeps chastly to her husband's side*  
*Is not for one, but every night his Bride :*  
*And stealing still with love and feare to Bed,*  
*Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.*

*To his Book.*

**B**Efore the Press scarce one co'd see  
 A little-peeping-part of thee :  
 But since th'art Printed, thou dost call  
 To shew thy nakedness to all.  
 My care for thee is now the less,  
 Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness :  
 Go with thy Faults and Fates ; yet stay  
 And take this sentence, then away ;  
 Whom one lov'd will not suffice,  
 She'l runne to all adulteries.

*Tearcs.*

**T**Eares moſt prevaile; with tearcs too thou  
mayſt move  
Rocks to relent, and coyefſt maids to love.

*To his Friend to avoid contention of words.*

**W**Ords beget Anger; Anger brings forth  
blowes:  
Blowes make of deareſt friends immortall Foes.  
For which prevention, Sociate, let there be  
Betwixt us two no more *Logomachie*.  
Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,  
Then for to murder frienſhip, by diſpute.

*Truth.*

**T**Ruth is beſt found out by the time, and eyes;  
*Falſhood winnes credit by uncertainties.*

*Upon Prickles. Epig.*

**P**rickles is waſpiſh, and puts forth his ſting,  
For Bread, Drinke, Butter, Cheefe; for every  
thing  
That *Prickles* buyes, puts *Prickles* out of frame;  
How well his nature's fitted to his name!

*The Eyes before the Eares.*

**W**E credit most our sight ; one eye doth please  
Our trust farre more then ten eare-wit-  
nesses.

*Want.*

**W**Ant is a softer Wax, that takes thereon,  
This, that, and every base impression.

*To a Friend.*

**L**Ooke in my Book, and herein see,  
Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me.  
We o're the tombes, and Fates shall flye ;  
While other generations dye.

*Upon M. William Lawes, the rare Musitian.*

**S**Ho'd I not put on Blacks, when each one here  
Comes with his Cypresse, and devotes a teare?  
Sho'd I not grieve, my *Lawes*, when every Lute,  
Violl, and Voice, is, by thy losse, struck mute?  
Thy los, brave man ! whose Numbers have been  
hurl'd,  
And no les prais'd, then spread throughout the  
world.

Some have Thee call'd *Amphion*; some of us  
Nam'd thee *Terpander*, or sweet *Orpheus* :  
Some this, some that, but all in this agree,  
Musique had both her birth and death with Thee.

*A Song upon Silvia.*

FROM me my *Silvia* ranne away,  
And running therewithall,  
A *Primrose* Banke did crosse her way,  
And gave my Love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say,  
What I by chance did see ;  
But such the Drap'ry did betray  
That fully ravish'd me.

*The Hony-combe.*

IF thou hast found an honie-combe,  
Eate thou not all, but taste on some :  
For if thou eat'st it to excess ;  
That sweetness turnes to Loathsomness.  
Taste it to Temper ; then 'twill be  
Marrow, and Manna unto thee.

*Vpon Ben. Johnson.*

HERE lyes *Johnson* with the rest  
Of the Poets ; but the Best.



Reader, wo'dst thou more have known ?  
 Aske his Story, not this Stone.  
 That will speake what this can't tell  
 Of his glory. *So farewell.*

*An Ode for him.*

AH *Ben!*  
 Say how, or when  
 Shall we thy Guefts  
 Meet at those *Lyrick* Feasts,  
 Made at the *Sun*,  
 The *Dog*, the triple *Tunne*?  
 Where we such clusters had,  
 As made us nobly wild, not mad;  
 And yet each Verse of thine  
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My *Ben!*  
 Or come agen :  
 Or send to us,  
 Thy wits great over-plus;  
 But teach us yet  
 Wisely to husband it;  
 Left we that Tallent spend :  
 And having once brought to an end  
 That precious stock ; the store  
 Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

*Upon a Virgin.*

Spend, Harmles Shade, thy nightly Houres,  
 Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers;  
 Of which make Garlands here, and there,  
 To drefs thy silent sepulchre.  
 Nor do thou feare the want of these,  
*In everlasting Properties.*  
 Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,  
 Farre faster then the first can wither.

*Blame.*

IN Battailles what disasters fall,  
 The King he beares the blame of all.

*A Request to the Graces.*

Ponder my words, if so that any be  
 Known guilty here of incivility:  
 Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,  
 With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.  
 Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew  
 Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.  
*Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,*  
*Unlesse they have some wanton carriages.*  
 This if ye do, each Piece will here be good,  
 And gracefull made, by your neate Sisterhood.

*Upon Himselfe.*

**I** Lately fri'd, but now behold  
 I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.  
 And in good faith I'd thought it strange  
 T'ave found in me this sudden change ;  
 But that I understood by dreames,  
 These only were but Loves extreames ;  
 Who fires with hope the Lover's heart,  
 And starves with cold the self-same part.

*Multitude.*

**W**E Trust not to the multitude in Warre,  
 But to the stout ; and those that skilfull are.

*Feare.*

**M**An must do well out of a good intent ;  
 Not for the servile feare of punishment.

*To M. Kellam.*

**W**Hat ! can my *Kellam* drink his Sack  
 In Goblets to the brim,  
 And see his *Robin Herrick* lack,  
 Yet send no Boules to him ?

For love or pitie to his Muse,  
 That she may flow in Verſe,  
 Contemne to recommend a Crufe,  
 But ſend to her a Tearce.

*Happineſſe to Hoſpitalitie, or a hearty  
 to good Houſe-keeping.*

**F**Irſt, may the hand of bounty bring  
 Into the daily offering  
 Of full proviſion ; ſuch a ſtore,  
 Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more.  
 Upon your hogſheads never fall  
 A drought of wine, ale, beere, at all ;  
 But, like full clouds, may they from thence  
 Diffuſe their mighty influence.  
 Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here  
 Enjoy a Chriſtning yeare by yeare ;  
 And this *good bleſſing* back them ſtill,  
 T'ave Boyes, and Gyrles too, as they will.  
 Then from the porch may many a Bride  
 Unto the Holy Temple ride :  
 And thence return, ſhort prayers ſeyd,  
 A wife moſt richly married.  
 Laſt, may the Bride and Bridegroom be  
 Untoucht by cold *ſterility* ;  
 But in their ſpringing blood ſo play,  
 As that in *Luſters* few they may,  
 By laughing too, and lying downe,  
 People a *City* or a *Towne*.

*Cunctation in Correction.*

**T**He *Lictors* bundl'd up their rods: beside,  
 Knit them with knots, with much adoe  
                   unt'y'd;  
 That if, unknitting, men wo'd yet repent,  
 They might escape the lash of punishment.

*Present Government grievous.*

**M***En are suspicious; prone to discontent:*  
*Subjects still loath the present Government.*

*Rest Refreshes.*

**L**Ay by the good a while; a resting field  
 Will, after ease, a richer harvest yeild:  
 Trees this year beare; next, they their wealth  
                   with-hold:  
*Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.*

*Revenge.*

**M***Ans disposition is for to requite*  
*An injurie, before a benefite:*  
*Thanksgiving is a burden, and a paine;*  
*Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.*

*The First marrs or makes.*

**I**N all our high designments, 'twill appeare,  
*The first event breeds confidence or feare.*

*Beginning, difficult.*

**H**ARD are the two first staires unto a Crowne;  
*Which got, the third bids him a King come  
downe.*

*Faith four-square.*

**F**AITH is a thing that's four-square; let it fall  
This way or that, it not declines at all.

*The Present Time best pleaseth.*

**P**RAISE they that will Times past, I joy to see  
My selfe now live: *this age best pleaseth mee.*

*Cloathes, are Conspirators.*

**T**HOUGH from without no foes at all we feare;  
We shall be wounded by the cloathes we  
weare.

*Cruelty.*

**T***Is but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings,  
For to delight in wounds and murderings.  
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes ;  
So Kings by killing doe encrease their foes.*

*Faire after Foule.*

**T***Eares quickly drie : griefes will in time decay :  
A cleare will come after a cloudy day.*

*Hunger.*

**A***Ske me what hunger is, and Ile reply,  
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and drie.*

*Bad Wages for Good Service.*

**I***N this misfortune Kings doe most excell,  
To heare the worst from men, when they doe  
well.*

*The End.*

**C***Onquer we shall, but we must first contend ;  
'Tis not the Fight that crowns us, but the  
End.*

*The Bondman.*

**B**Ind me but to thee with thine haire,  
And quickly I shall be  
Made by that fetter or that snare  
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,  
Then bore me through the eare ;  
And by the Law I ought to stay  
For ever with thee here.

*Choose for the best.*

**G**Ive house-roome to the best ; 'Tis never known  
*Vertue and pleasure, both to dwell in one.*

*To Silvia.*

**P**ardon my trespassse, *Silvia*, I confesse,  
My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastnesse:  
None is discreet at all times ; no, *not Jove*  
*Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and Love.*

*Faire Shewes deceive.*

**S**MOOTH was the Sea, and seem'd to call  
To prettie girles to play withall :



Who padling there, the Sea soone frown'd,  
 And on a sudden both were drown'd.  
 What credit can we give to seas,  
 Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these?

*His Wish.*

**F**At be my Hinde ; unlearned be my wife ;  
 Peacefull my night ; my day devoid of strife :  
 To these a comely off-spring I desire,  
 Singing about my everlasting fire.

*Upon Julia's washing her self in the river.*

**H**ow fierce was I, when I did see  
 My *Julia* wash her self in thee !  
 So *Lillies* thorough Christall look :  
 So purest pebbles in the brook :  
 As in the River *Julia* did,  
 Halfe with a Lawne of water hid,  
 Into thy streames my self I threw,  
 And strugling there, I kist thee too ;  
 And more had done, it is confest,  
 Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

*A Meane in our Meanes.*

**T**Hough Frankinsense the *Deities* require,  
*We must not give all to the ballowed fire.*

Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,  
As for our selves to leave some frankinfence.

*Upon Clunn.*

A Rowle of Parchment *Clunn* about him beares,  
Charg'd with the Armes of all his Ancestors :  
And seems halfe raviſht, when he looks upon  
That *Bar*, this *Bend* ; that *Fefs*, this *Cheveron* ;  
This *Manch*, that *Moone* ; this *Martlet*, and that  
*Mound* ;

This counterchange of *Perle* and *Diamond*.  
What joy can *Clun* have in that Coat, or this,  
When as his owne ſtill out at elboes is ?

*Upon Cupid.*

Love, like a Beggar, came to me  
With Hoſe and Doublet torne :  
His Shirt bedangling from his knee,  
With Hat and Shooes out-worne.

He aſkt an almes ; I gave him bread,  
And meat too, for his need :  
Of which, when he had fully fed,  
He wiſht me all *Good ſpeed*.

Away he went, but as he turn'd,  
In faith I know not how,  
He toucht me ſo, as that I burn,  
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure  
 Then crept into my heart ;  
 And though I saw no Bow, I'm sure,  
 His finger was the dart.

*Vpon Blisse.*

**B** *Lisse*, last night drunk, did kisse his mother's  
 knee :  
 Where he will kisse, next drunk, conjecture ye.

*Vpon Burr.*

**B** *Urr* is a smell-feast, and a man alone,  
 That, where meat is, will be a hanger on.

*Vpon Megg.*

**M** *Egg* yesterday was troubled with a Pose,  
 Which, this night hardned, foddors up her  
 nose.

*An Hymne to Love.*

**I** Will confesse  
 With Cheerfulnesse,  
 Love is a thing so likes me,  
 That let her lay  
 On me all day,  
 Ile kisse the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,  
Now blubb'ring, cry,  
It, Ah ! too late repents me,  
That I did fall  
To love at all,  
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, Ile be  
In fetters free ;  
While others they sit wringing  
Their hands for pain ;  
Ile entertaine  
The wounds of love with finging.  
With Flowers and Wine,  
And Cakes Divine,  
To strike me I will tempt thee :  
Which done ; no more  
Ile come before  
Thee and thine Altars emptie.

*To his honoured and most Ingenious Friend*  
*M<sup>r</sup>. Charles Cotton.*

**F**Or brave comportment, wit without offence,  
Words fully flowing, yet of influence,  
Thou art that man of men, the man alone,  
Worthy the Publique Admiration :  
Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe  
write,  
And giv'st our Numbers *Euphonic*, and weight.

Tel'ft when a Verfe springs high, how underftood  
 To be, or not borne of the Royall-Blood.  
 What State above, what *Symmetrie* below,  
 Lines have, or fhould have, thou the beft canft fhew.  
 For which, my *Charles*, it is my pride to be,  
 Not fo much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.  
 Long may I live fo, and my wreath of *Bayes*,  
 Be leffe anothers *Laurell*, then thy praife.

*Women ufeleffe.*

W<sup>H</sup>at need we marry Women, when  
 Without their ufe we may have men?  
 And fuch as will in fhort time be,  
 For murder fit, or mutinie;  
 As *Cadmus* once a new way found,  
 By throwing teeth into the ground;  
 From which poore feed, and rudely fown,  
 Sprung up a War-like Nation.  
 So let us Yron, Silver, Gold,  
 Braffe, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould;  
 And we fhall fee in little fpace  
 Rife up of men, a fighting race.  
 If this can be, fay then, what need  
 Have we of Women or their feed?

*Love is a Sirrup.*

L<sup>O</sup>ve is a *sirrup*; and who er'e we fee  
 Sick and furcharg'd with this facietie:

Shall by this pleasing trespasse quickly prove,  
*Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.*

*Leven.*

**L**Ove is a Leven, and a loving kisse  
 The Leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

*Repletion.*

**P**Hyfitions say Repletion springs  
 More from the sweet then fower things.

*On Himselfe.*

**W**Eepe for the dead, for they have lost this  
 light :  
 And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night.  
 Or mourne, or make a Marble Verse for me,  
 Who writ for many. *Benedicite.*

*No Man without Money.*

**N**O man such rare parts hath, that he can swim,  
 If favour or occasion helpe not him.

*On Himselfe.*

**L**Ost to the world ; lost to my selfe ; alone  
 Here now I rest under this Marble stone :  
 In depth of silence, heard, and seene of none.

*To M. Leonard Willan his peculiar Friend.*

**I** Will be short, and having quickly hurl'd  
This line about, live Thou throughout the  
world ;

Who art a man for all Sceanes ; unto whom,  
What's hard to others, nothing's troublesome.  
Can't write the *Comick*, *Tragick* straine, and fall  
From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall :  
Who flit at all heights : Prose and Verse run't  
through ;

Find't here a fault, and mend't the trespasse too :  
For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse,  
Because thy selfe art comming to the Presse :  
And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,  
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

*To his worthy Friend M. John Hall,  
Student of Grayes-Inne.*

**T**ell me, young Man, or did the Muses bring  
Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their  
spring ;

That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be  
A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee ?

What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee  
knowne,

At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one ?

Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence  
 Thou had'st, and hast thy *mighty influence*,  
 That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,  
 And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides admir'd,  
 Put on thy Laurell then ; and in that trimme  
 Be thou *Apollo*, or the type of him :  
 Or let the *Unshorne God* lend thee his Lyre,  
 And next to him, be Master of the Quire.

To Julia.

Offer thy gift ; but first the Law commands  
 Thee, *Julia*, first to *sanctifie* thy hands :  
 Doe that, my *Julia* which the rites require,  
 Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

To the most comely and proper M. Elizabeth  
 Finch.

HAnsome you are, and Proper you will be  
 Despight of all your infortunie :  
 Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse  
 In that your owne prefixed comelineffe :  
 Spend on that stock : and when your life must  
 fall,  
 Leave others Beauty, to set up withall.



*Upon Ralph.*

**R** *Alpb* pares his nayles, his warts, his cornes,  
                     and *Raph*,  
 In sev'rall tills and boxes, keepes 'em safe;  
 Instead of Harts-horne, if he speakes the troth,  
 To make a lustie-gellie for his broth.

*To his Booke.*

**I**F hap it must, that I must see thee lye  
*Absyrtus*-like, all torne confusedly:  
 With solemne tears, and with much grief of heart,  
 Ile recollect thee, weeping, part by part;  
 And having washt thee, close thee in a chest  
 With spice; that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.

*To the KING,*

*upon his Welcome to Hampton-Court.*

*Set and Sung.*

**W**elcome, *Great Cesar*, welcome now you  
                     are,  
 As dearest Peace, after destructive Warre:  
 Welcome as slumbers; or as beds of ease  
 After our long, and peevish sicknesses.  
 O *Pompe of Glory*! Welcome now, and come  
 To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.

A thousand Altars smoake ; a thousand thighs  
 Of Beeves here ready stand for Sacrifice.  
 Enter and prosper ; while our eyes doe waite  
 For an *Ascendent* throughly *Auspicate* :  
 Under which signe we may the former stone  
 Lay of our safeties new foundation :  
 That done ; *O Cesar !* live, and be to us,  
 Our *Fate*, our *Fortune*, and our *Genius* ;  
 To whose free knees we may our temples tye  
 As to a still protecting Deitie :  
 That sho'd you stirre, we and our Altars too  
 May, *Great Augustus, goe along with You.*  
*Chor.* Long live the King ; and to accomplish  
           this,  
 We'l from our owne, adde far more years to his.

*Ultimus Heroum : or,*  
*To the most learned, and to the right Honourable,*  
*Henry, Marquesse of Dorchester.*

**A**Nd as time past when *Cato* the Severe  
 Entred the circumspacious Theater ;  
 In reverence of his person, every one  
 Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone :  
 E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be  
 If but lookt on ; struck dead, if scan'd by Thee.

*To his Muse, another to the same.*

**T**ELL that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have  
 access  
 To kifs his hands, but that for fearfullness ;  
 Or else because th'art like a modest Bride,  
 Ready to blush to death, sho'd he but chide.

*Upon Vineger.*

**V**ineger is no other I define,  
 Then the dead Corps, or carkase of the Wine.

*Upon Mudge.*

**M**udge every morning to the Postern comes,  
 His teeth all out, to rince and wash his  
 gummes.

*To his learned friend M. Jo. Harmar, Phi-  
 sitian to the Colledge of Westminster.*

**W**Hen first I find those Numbers thou do'st  
 write,  
 To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite :  
 Next, when I see Thee towring in the skie,  
 In an expansion no less large, then high ;  
 Then, in that compas, sayling here and there,  
 And with Circumgyration every where ;

Following with love and active heate thy game,  
And then at last to trufs the Epigram ;  
I must confefs, diftinction none I fee  
Between *Domitians Martiall* then, and Thee.  
But this I know, fhould *Jupiter* agen  
Defcend from heaven, to re-converfe with men ;  
The Romane Language full, and superfine,  
If *Jove* wo'd fpeake, he wo'd accept of thine.

*Upon his Spaniell Tracie.*

NOW thou art dead, no eye fhall ever fee,  
For fhape and fervice, *Spaniell* like to thee.  
This fhall my love doe, give thy fad death one  
Teare, that deferves of me a million.

*The Deluge.*

DRowning, drowning, I efpie  
Coming from my *Julia's* eye :  
'Tis fome folace in our fmart,  
To have friends to beare a part :  
I have none ; but muft be fure  
Th' inundation to endure.  
Shall not times hereafter tell  
This for no meane *miracle* ;  
When the waters by their fall  
Threatn'd ruine unto all ?  
Yet the deluge here was known,  
Of a world to drowne but One.



Then while thou laugh'ft ; Ile, fighing, crie,  
 A *Ruine underpropt* am I :  
 Do'n will I then my *Beadsmans* gown,  
 And when fo feeble I am grown,  
 As my weake fhoulders cannot beare  
 The burden of a *Grashopper* :  
 Yet with the bench of aged fires,  
 When I and they keep tearmly fires ;  
 With my weake voice I'le fing, or fay  
 Some Odes I made of *Lucia* :  
 Then will I heave my wither'd hand  
 To *Jove* the Mighty for to ftand  
 Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe  
 Upon thee many a *Benizon*.

To Julia.

**H**Oly waters hither bring  
 For the facred fprinkling :  
 Baptize me and thee, and fo  
 Let us to the Altar go.  
 And, ere we our rites commence,  
 Wash our hands in innocence.  
 Then I'le be the *Rex Sacrorum*,  
 Thou the Queen of *Peace and Quorum*.

Upon Cafe.

**C**afe is a Lawyer, that near pleads alone,  
 But when he hears the like confufion,



For other things, my many Children be  
The best and truest *Chronicles of me.*

*On Tomafin Parfons.*

**G**Row up in Beauty, as thou do'ft begin,  
And be of all admired, *Tomafin.*

*Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve.*

**D**Own with the Rosemary, and so  
Down with the Baies, & mistletoe :  
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,  
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall :  
That so the superstitious find  
No one least Branch there left behind :  
For look, how many leaves there be  
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,  
So many *Goblins* you shall see.

*Suspicion makes secure.*

**H**E that will live of all cares dispossest,  
Must shun the bad, I, and suspect the best.

*Upon Spokes.*

**S***Pokes*, when he sees a roasted Pig, he swears  
Nothing he loves on't but the chaps and ears :  
But carve to him the fat flanks ; and he shall  
Rid these, and those, and part by part eat all.



*To his Kinsman, M. Tho : Herrick, who  
desired to be in his Book.*

**W**elcome to this my Colledge, and though  
late  
Th'ast got a place here, standing candidate ;  
It matters not, since thou art chosen one  
Here of my great and good foundation.

*A Bucolick betwixt Two : Lacon and Thyrsis.*

*Lacon.* **F**Or a kifs or two, confesse,  
What doth cause this pensiveness,  
Thou most lovely Neat-heardeffe ?  
Why so lonely on the hill ?  
Why thy pipe by thee so still,  
That ere while was heard so shrill ?  
Tell me, do thy kine now fail  
To fulfill the milkin-paile ?  
Say, what is't that thou do'st aile ?

*Thyr.* None of these ; but out, alas !  
A mischance is come to pass,  
And I'le tell thee what it was :  
See mine eyes are weeping ripe,

*Lacon.* Tell, and I'le lay down my Pipe.

*Thyr.* I have lost my lovely steere,  
That to me was far more deer  
Then these kine, which I milke here.

Broad of fore-head, large of eye,  
 Party colour'd like a Pie ;  
 Smooth in each limb as a die ;  
 Clear of hoof, and clear of horn ;  
 Sharply pointed as a thorn :  
 With a neck by yoke unworn.  
 From the which hung down by strings,  
 Balls of Cowslips, Daifie rings,  
 Enterplac't with ribbanings.  
 Faultless every way for shape ;  
 Not a straw co'd him escape ;  
 Ever gamesome as an ape :  
 But yet harmless as a sheep.  
 Pardon, *Lacon*, if I weep ;  
*Tears will spring, where woes are deep.*  
 Now, ai me ! ai me ! Last night  
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,  
 I, and kil'd my dear delight.

*Lacon.* Alack, for grief !

*Thyr.* But I'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call  
 Me, and my sad Play-mates all,  
 To his Ev'ning Funerall.  
 Live long, *Lacon*, so adew !

*Lacon.* Mournfull maid, farewell to you ;  
*Earth afford ye flowers to strew.*

*Upon Sapho.*

**L**ook upon *Sapho's* lip, and you will fwear,  
There is a love-like leven riling there.

*Upon Faunus.*

**W**E read how *Faunus*, he the shepheards *God*,  
His wife to death whipt with a *Mirtle Rod*.  
The Rod, perhaps, was better'd by the name ;  
But had it been of Birch, the death's the same.

*The Quintell.*

**U**P with the Quintill, that the Rout,  
May fart for joy, as well as shout :  
Either's welcome, Stinke or Civit,  
If we take it, as they give it.

*A Bachanalian Verse.*

**D**Rinke up  
Your Cup,  
But not spill Wine ;  
For if you  
Do,  
'Tis an ill signe ;

That we  
Foresee,  
You are cloy'd here,  
If so, no  
Hoe,  
But avoid here.

*Care a good keeper.*

**C**Are keeps the Conquest; 'tis no lesse renowne,  
To keepe a Citie, then to winne a Towne.

*Rules for our Reach.*

**M**En must have Bounds how farre to walke;  
for we  
Are made farre worse, by lawles liberty.

*To Biancha.*

**A**H *Biancha*! now I see,  
It is Noone and past with me:  
In a while it will strike one;  
Then, *Biancha*, I am gone.  
Some *effusions* let me have,  
Offer'd on my holy Grave;  
Then, *Biancha*, let me rest  
With my face towards the East.

*To the handsome Miftresse Grace Potter.*

**A**S is your name, so is your comely face,  
Tought every where with such diffused grace,  
As that in all that *admirable round*,  
There is not one least *solecisme* found ;  
And as that part, so every portion else,  
Keepes line for line with *Beauties Parallels*.

*Anacreontike.*

**I** Muft  
Not trust  
Here to any ;  
Bereav'd,  
Deceiv'd  
By so many :  
As one  
Undone  
By my losses ;  
Comply  
Will I  
With my crosses.  
Yet still  
I will  
Not be grieving ;  
Since thence  
And hence  
Comes relieving.

But this  
Sweet is  
In our mourning ;  
Times bad  
And sad  
Are a turning :  
And he  
Whom we  
See dejected ;  
Next day  
Wee may  
See erected.

*More modest, more manly.*

'TIs still observ'd, those men most valiant are,  
That are most modest ere they come to  
warre.

*Not to covet much where little is the charge.*

Why sho'd we covet much, when as we  
know,  
W've more to beare our charge, then way to go ?

*Anacreontick Verse.*

B Risk methinks I am, and fine,  
When I drinke my capring wine :  
Then to love I do encline,

When I drinke my wanton wine :  
And I wifh all maidens mine,  
When I drinke my sprightly wine :  
Well I fup, and well I dine,  
When I drinke my frolick wine :  
But I languifh, lowre, and pine,  
When I want my fragrant wine.

*Upon Pennie.*

**B**rown bread *Tom Pennie* eats, and must of  
right,  
Because his stock will not hold out for white.

*Patience in Princes.*

**K**ings must not use the Axe for each offence :  
Princes cure some faults by their patience.

*Feare gets Force.*

**D***Espaire takes heart, when ther's no hope to  
speed:  
The Coward then takes Armes, and do's the deed.*

*Parcell-gil't Poetry.*

**L**et's strive to be the best ; the Gods, we  
know it,  
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent Poet.

*Upon Love, by way of question and answer.*

**I** Bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Like, and dislike ye:

I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Stroake ye to strike ye.

I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Love will be-foole ye:

I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Heate ye to coole ye:

I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Love gifts will send ye:

I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Stock ye to spend ye:

I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Love will fulfill ye:

I bring ye Love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Kisse ye, to kill ye.

*To the Lord Hopton, on his fight in  
Cornwall.*

**G**O on, brave *Hopton*, to effectuate that  
Which wee, and times to come, shall wonder at.

Lift up thy Sword; next, suffer it to fall,  
And by that *One blow* set an end to all.



*His Grange.*

**H**OW well contented in this private *Grange*  
 Spend I my life, that's subject unto change :  
 Under whose Roofe with *Mosse-worke* wrought,  
                   there I  
 Kisse my *Brown wife*, and *black Posterity*.

*Leprosie in Houses.*

**W**HEN to a House I come, and see  
 The *Genius* wastefull, more then free :  
 The servants *thumbleffe*, yet to eat,  
 With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate :  
 The Sonnes to suck the milke of Kine,  
 More then the teats of Discipline :  
 The Daughters wild and loose in dresse ;  
 Their cheekes unfain'd with shamefac'tnesse :  
 The Husband drunke, the Wife to be  
 A Baud to incivility :  
 I must confesse, I there descrie,  
 A House spread through with *Leprosie*.

*Good Manners at Meat.*

**T**HIS rule of manners I will teach my guests,  
 To come with their own bellies unto feasts :  
 Not to eat equall portions ; but to rise  
 Farc't with the food, that may themselves suffice.

*Anthea's Retraction.*

**A** *Nt*hea laught, and fearing lest excesse  
 Might stretch the cords of civill comelineſſe :  
 She with a dainty bluſh rebuk't her face ;  
 And cal'd each line back to his *rule* and *ſpace*.

*Comforts in Croſſes.*

**B**E not diſmaide, though croſſes caſt thee downe ;  
 Thy fall is but the riſing to a Crowne.

*Seeke and finde.*

**A** *T*tempt the end, and never ſtand to doubt ;  
*N*othing's ſo hard, but ſearch will find it out.

*Reſt.*

**O**N with thy worke, though thou beeſt hardly  
 preſt ;  
*L*abour is held up, by the hope of reſt.

*Leproſie in Cloathes.*

**W**Hen flowing garments I behold  
 Enſpir'd with *Purple*, *Pearle*, and *Gold* ,  
 I think no other but I ſee  
 In them a glorious leproſie,

That do's infect, and make the rent  
 More mortall in the vestiment.  
*As flowrie vestures doe descrie  
 The wearers rich immodestie ;  
 So plaine and simple cloathes doe show  
 Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.*

*Upon Buggins.*

**B**uggins is drunke all night, all day he sleepest ;  
 This is the Levell-coyle that *Buggins* keeps.

*Great Maladies, long Medicines.*

**T**O an old soare a long cure must goe on ;  
 Great faults require great fatisfaction.

*His Answer to a Friend.*

**Y**OU aske me what I doe, and how I live ?  
 And, Noble Friend, this answer I must give :  
 Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,  
 Or'e which you'l walk, when I am laid beneath.

*The Begger.*

**S**Hall I a daily Begger be,  
 For loves sake asking almes of thee ?  
 Still shall I crave, and never get  
 A hope of my desired bit ?

Ah cruell maides ! Ile goe my way,  
Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may  
Finde out a Threshhold or a doore,  
That may far sooner speed the poore :  
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare,  
Cold comfort still I'm fure lives there.

*Bastards.*

O Ur Bastard-children are but like to Plate,  
Made by the Coyners illegitimate.

*His Change.*

M Y many cares and much distres,  
Has made me like a wildernes :  
Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude,  
And all confused multitude :  
Out of my comely manners worne ;  
And as in meanes, in minde all torne.

*The Vision.*

M E thought I saw, as I did dreame in bed,  
A crawling Vine about *Anacreon's* head :  
Flusht was his face ; his haire with oyle did shine ;  
And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.  
Tipld he was ; and tipling list withall ;  
And lisping reeld, and reeling like to fall.

A young *Enchantresse* close by him did stand  
 Tapping his plump thighs with a *mirtle* wand :  
 She smil'd ; he kist ; and kissing, cull'd her too ;  
 And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe.  
 For which, me thought, in prittie anger she  
 Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to me :  
 Since when, me thinks, my braines about doe  
                   swim,  
 And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

*A Vow to Venus.*

**H**Appily I had a fight  
 Of my dearest deare last night ;  
 Make her this day smile on me,  
 And Ile Roses give to thee.

*On his Booke.*

**T**He bound, almost, now of my book I see,  
 But yet no end of those therein or me :  
 Here we begin new life ; while thousands quite  
 Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

*A Sonnet of Perilla.*

**T**Hen did I live when I did see  
*Perilla* smile on none but me.  
 But, ah ! by starres malignant crost,  
 The life I got I quickly lost :

But yet a way there doth remaine,  
For me embalm'd to live againe ;  
And that's to love me ; in which state  
Ile live as one *regenerate*.

*Bad may be better.*

**M**An may at first transgress, but next do well :  
*Vice doth in some but lodge a while, not dwell.*

*Posting to Printing.*

**L**Et others to the Printing Presse run fast,  
Since after death comes glory, *Ile not haste.*

*Rapine brings Ruine.*

**W**Hat's got by Justice is establish'd sure ;  
*No Kingdomes got by Rapine long endure.*

*Comfort to a Youth that had  
lost his Love.*

**W**Hat needs complaints,  
When she a place  
Has with the race  
Of Saints ?  
In endlesse mirth,  
She thinks not on

What's said or done  
 In earth :  
 She sees no teares,  
 Or any tone  
 Of thy deep grone  
 She heares :  
 Nor do's she minde,  
 Or think on't now,  
 That ever thou  
 Waft kind.  
 But chang'd above,  
 She likes not there,  
 As she did here,  
 Thy Love.  
 Forbeare therefore,  
 And lull asleepe  
 Thy woes, and weep  
*No more.*

*Upon Boreman. Epig.*

**B**oreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes ; yet  
*Boreman,*  
 For all the Divell helps, will be a poore man.

*Saint Distaff's Day, or the Morrow after  
 Twelfth Day.*

**P**Artly worke and partly play  
 Ye must on *S. Distaff's day* :

From the Plough soone free your teame ;  
 Then come home and fother them.  
 If the Maides a spinning goe,  
 Burne the flax, and fire the tow :  
 Scorch their plackets, but beware  
 That ye finge no maiden-haire.  
 Bring in pailles of water then,  
 Let the Maides bewash the men.  
 Give S. *Disaffe* all the right,  
 Then bid Christmas sport *good night* ;  
 And next morrow, every one  
 To his owne vocation.

*Sufferance.*

**I**N the hope of ease to come,  
 Let's endure one Martyrdome.

*His Teares to Thamasis.*

**I** Send, I send here my supremest kifs  
 To thee, my *silver-footed Thamasis*.  
 No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,  
 Whereon so many Stately Structures stand :  
 Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,  
 To bath in thee, as thousand others doe,  
 No more shall I a long thy chriftall glide,  
 In Barge, with boughes and rushes beautif'd,  
 With soft-smooth Virgins, for our chaste disport,  
 To *Richmond, Kingstone*, and to *Hampton-Court* :



Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore  
 Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore :  
 And Landing here, or safely Landing there,  
 Make way to my *Beloved Westminster* :  
 Or to the *Golden-cheap-side*, where the earth  
 Of *Julia Herrick* gave to me my Birth.  
 May all clean *Nymphs* and curious water Dames,  
 With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy  
 streams :

No drought upon thy wanton waters fall  
 To make them Leane, and languishing at all.  
 No ruffling winds come hither to discease  
 Thy pure, and *Silver-wristed Naides*.  
 Keep up your state, ye streams ; and as ye spring,  
 Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.  
 Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye  
 never,  
 Receive this vow, *so fare-ye-well for ever*.

*Pardons.*

**T** *Hose ends in War the best contentment bring,*  
*Whose Peace is made up with a Pardoning.*

*Peace not Permanent.*

**G** *reat Cities seldome rest : If there be none*  
*T'invade from far ; They'l finde worse foes at*  
*home.*

*Truth and Errour.*

**T***Wixt Truth and Errour, there's this difference known,  
Errour is fruitfull, Truth is onely one.*

*Things mortall still mutable.*

**T***Hings are uncertain, and the more we get,  
The more on ycie pavements we are set.*

*Studies to be supported.*

**S***tudies themselves will languish and decay,  
When either price, or praise is ta'ne away.*

*Wit punisht, prospers most.*

**D***Read not the shackles : on with thine intent ;  
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.*

*Twelfe Night, or King and Queene.*

**N***Ow, now the mirth comes  
With the cake full of plums,  
Where Beane's the King of the sport here ;  
Beside we must know,  
The Pea also  
Must revell, as Queene, in the Court here.*

*Lawes.*

**W**Ho violates the Customes, hurts the Health,  
Not of one man, but all the Common-  
wealth.

*The Meane.*

**T**Is much among the filthy to be clean ;  
*Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.*

*Like loves his Like.*

**L**ike will to like, each Creature loves his kinde ;  
Chafte words proceed still from a bashfull  
minde.

*His Hope or Sheat-Anchor.*

**A**Mong these Tempests great and manifold  
My Ship has here one only Anchor-hold ;  
That is my hope ; which if that slip, I'm one  
Wildred in this vast watry *Region*.

*Comfort in Calamity.*

**T**Is no discomfort in the world to fall,  
When the great Crack not Crushes one,  
but all.

*Twilight.*

**T**He Twi-light is no other thing, we say,  
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung  
the Day.

*False Mourning.*

**H**E who wears Blacks, and mournes not for  
the Dead,  
Do's but deride the Party buried.

*The Will makes the Work, or Consent  
makes the Cure.*

**N**O grief is grown so desperate, but the ill  
Is halfe way cured, if the party will.

*Diet.*

**I**F wholsome Diet can re-cure a man,  
What need of Physick, or Phyfitian ?

*Smart.*

**S**Tripes justly given yerke us, with their fall,  
But causelesse whipping smarts the most of all.

*The Tinkers Song.*

**A** Long, come along,  
Let's meet in a throng  
Here of Tinkers ;  
And quaffe up a Bowle  
As big as a Cowle  
To Beer Drinkers.  
The pole of the Hop  
Place in the Ale-shop  
To Bethwack us ;  
If ever we think  
So much as to drink  
Unto *Bacchus*.  
Who frolick will be,  
For little coft he  
Must not vary,  
From Beer-broth at all,  
So much as to call  
For Canary.

*His Comfort.*

**T**He only comfort of my life  
Is, that I never yet had wife ;  
Nor will hereafter ; since I know  
Who Weds, ore-buys his weal with woe.

*Sincerity.*

WASH clean the Vessell, lest ye soure  
What ever Liquor in ye powre.

*To Anthea.*

SICK is *Anthea*, sickly is the spring,  
The Primrose sick, and sickly every thing :  
The while my deer *Anthea* do's but droop,  
The *Tulips*, *Lillies*, *Daffadills* do stoop ;  
But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,  
Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

*Nor Buying or Selling.*

NOW, if you love me, tell me,  
For as I will not sell ye,  
So not one croſs to buy thee  
Ile give, if thou deny me.

*To his peculiar Friend M. Jo : Wicks.*

SINCE Shed or Cottage I have none,  
I sing the more, that thou hast one ;  
To whose glad threshold, and free door  
I may a Poet come, though poor ;  
And eat with thee a savory bit,  
Paying but common thanks for it.

Yet sho'd I chance, my *Wicks*, to see  
 An over-leven look in thee,  
 To soure the Bread, and turn the Beer  
 To an exalted vineger ;  
 Or sho'dst thou prize me as a Dish  
 Of thrice-boyl'd-worts, or third dayes fish ;  
 I'de rather hungry go and come,  
 Then to thy house be Burdensome ;  
 Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be  
 One that sho'd drop his *Beads* for thee.

*The more mighty, the more mercifull.*

**W** *Ho may do most, do's least : The bravest will  
 Shew mercy there, where they have power  
 to kill.*

*After Autumne, Winter.*

**D** *Ie ere long, I'm sure, I shall ;  
 After leaves, the tree must fall.*

*A good death.*

**F** *Or truth I may this sentence tell,  
 No man dies ill, that liveth well.*

*Recompence.*

**W** *Ho plants an Olive, but to eate the Oile ?  
 Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.*

*On Fortune.*

**T**His is my comfort, when she's most unkind,  
 She can but spoile me of my Meanes, not  
 Mind.

*To Sir George Parrie, Doctor of the  
 Civill Law.*

**I** Have my Laurel Chaplet on my head,  
 If 'mongst these many Numbers to be read,  
 But one by you be hug'd and cherished.

Peruse my Measures thoroughly, and where  
 Your judgement finds a guilty Poem, there  
 Be you a Judge; but not a Judge severe.

The meane passe by, or over, none contemne;  
 The good applaud: the peccant lesse condemne,  
 Since *Absolution* you can give to them.

Stand forth, Brave Man, here to the publique  
 fight;

And in my Booke now claim a two-fold right:  
 The first as *Doctor*, and the last as *Knight*.

*Charmes.*

**T**His Ile tell ye by the way,  
 Maidens, when ye Leavens lay,



Crosse your Dow, and your dispatch,  
Will be better for your Batch.

*Another.*

**I**N the morning when ye rise,  
Wash your hands, and cleanse your eyes.  
Next be sure ye have a care,  
To disperse the water farre.  
For as farre as that doth light,  
So farre keeps the evill Spright.

*Another.*

**I**F ye feare to be affrighted  
When ye are, by chance, benighted :  
In your Pocket for a trust,  
Carrie nothing but a Crust :  
For that holy piece of Bread  
Charmes the danger, and the dread.

*Upon Gorgonius.*

**U**Nto *Pastillus* ranke *Gorgonius* came,  
To have a tooth twicht out of's native  
frame.  
Drawn was his tooth ; but stanke so, that some say,  
The Barber stopt his Nose, and ranne away.

*Gentlenesse.*

**T***hat Prince must govern with a gentle hand,  
Who will have love comply with his com-  
mand.*

*A Dialogue betwixt Himselfe and Mistresse  
Eliza: Wheeler, under the name  
of Amarillis.*

**M***Y dearest Love, since thou wilt go,  
And leave me here behind thee;  
For love or pitie let me know  
The place where I may find thee.*

*Amaril.* In country Meadows pearl'd with Dew,  
And set about with Lillies;  
There filling Maunds with Cowslips, you  
May find your *Amarillis*.

*Her.* What have the Meades to do with thee,  
Or with thy youthfull houres?  
Live thou at Court, where thou mayst be  
The *Queen* of men, not flowers.

Let Country wenches make 'em fine  
With Poesies, since 'tis fitter  
For thee with richest Jewels to shine,  
And like the Starres to glitter.

*Amaril.* You set too high a rate upon  
A Shepheardefs so homely.

*Her.* Believe it, dearest, ther's not one  
I'th' Court that's halfe so comly.

I prithee stay. *Amaril.* I must away ;  
Lets kifs first, then we'l fever.

*Ambo.* And though we bid adieu to day,  
Wee shall not part for ever.

*To Julia.*

**H**Elp me, *Julia*, for to pray,  
Mattens sing, or Mattens say :  
This I know, the Fiend will fly  
Far away, if thou bee'st by.  
Bring the Holy-water hither ;  
Let us wash, and pray together :  
When our Beads are thus united,  
Then the Foe will fly affrighted.

*To Roses in Julia's Bosome.*

**R**Oses, you can never die,  
Since the place wherein ye lyꝛ,  
Heat and moisture mixt are so,  
As to make ye ever grow.

*To the Honoured, Master Endimion  
Porter.*

**W**Hen to thy Porch I come, and, raviſht, ſee  
The State of Poets there attending Thee :  
Thoſe *Bardes* and I, all in a *Chorus* ſing,  
We are Thy *Prophets Porter* ; Thou our *King*.

*Speake in ſeaſon.*

**W**Hen times are troubled, then forbear ; but  
ſpeak,  
When a cleare day, out of a Cloud do's break.

*Obedience.*

**T**He Power of Princes reſts in the Conſent  
Of onely thoſe, who are obedient :  
Which if away, proud Scepters then will lye  
Low, and of Thrones the Ancient *Majeſty*.

*Another on the ſame.*

**N**O man ſo well a *Kingdome Rules*, as He,  
Who hath himſelfe obaid the *Soveraignty*.

*Of Love.*

1. **I**Nſtruſt me now, what Love will do ;
2. 'Twill make a tongueleſs man to wooc.

1. Inform me next, what Love will do ;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of too.
1. Teach me besides, what Love will do ;
2. 'Twill quickly mar, & make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what Love will do ;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

*Upon Trap.*

**T***rap*, of a Player turn'd a Priest now is ;  
 Behold a suddaine *Metamorphosis*.  
 If Tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the scean,  
 And, from a Priest, turne Player once again.

*Upon Grubs.*

**G***rubs* loves his Wife and Children, while  
 that they  
 Can live by love, or else grow fat by Play :  
 But when they call or cry on *Grubs* for meat ;  
 Instead of Bread, *Grubs* gives them stones to eat.  
 He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,  
 His Wife and Children fast to death for fear.

*Upon Dol.*

**N**O question but *Dols* cheeks wo'd soon rost  
 dry,  
 Were they not basted by her either eye.

## Upon Hog.

H<sup>O</sup>g has a place i'th' Kitchen, and his share  
The flimsie Livers, and blew Gizzards are.

*The School or Perl of Putney, the Mistrefs  
of all singular Manners, Mistresse  
Portman.*

W<sup>H</sup>ether I was my selfe, or else did see  
Out of my self that *Glorious Hierarchie* !  
Or whether those, in orders rare, or these  
Made up One State of *Sixtie Venuses* ;  
Or whether *Fairies, Syrens, Nymphes* they were,  
Or *Muses*, on their mountaine sitting there ;  
Or some enchanted Place, I do not know,  
Or *Sharon*, where eternall Roses grow.  
This I am sure ; I Ravisht stood, as one  
Confus'd in utter Admiration.  
Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move,  
And look as all were capable of Love :  
And in their motion smelt much like to flowers  
Enspir'd by th' Sun-beams after dews & showers.  
There did I see the *Reverend Rectresse* stand,  
Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,  
Those spirits rais'd ; and with like precepts then,  
As with a *Magick*, laid them all agen :  
*A happy Realme ! When no compulsive Law,*  
*Or fear of it, but Love keeps all in awe.*

Live you, *great Miftrefse* of your Arts, and be  
 A nurſing Mother ſo to Majeſty ;  
 As thoſe your Ladies may in time be ſeene,  
 For Grace and Carriage, every one a Queene.  
 One Birth their Parents gave them ; but their new,  
 And better Being, they receive from You.  
*Mans former Birth is grace-leſſe ; but the ſtate*  
*Of life comes in, when he's Regenerate.*

*To Perenna.*

**T**Hou ſay'ſt I'm dull ; if edge-leſſe ſo I be,  
 Ile whet my lips, and ſharpen Love on thee.

*On Himſelfe.*

**L**Et me not live, if I not love,  
 Since I as yet did never prove,  
 Where Pleaſures met ; at laſt, doe find,  
 All Pleaſures meet in Woman-kind.

*On Love.*

**T**Hat love 'twixt men do's ever longeſt laſt  
 Where War and Peace the Dice by turns  
 doe caſt.

*Another on Love.*

**L**ove's of it ſelf, too ſweet ; the beſt of all  
 Is, when loves hony has a daſh of gall.

*Upon Gut.*

**S**cience puffs up, sayes *Gut*, when either Pease  
Make him thus swell, or windy Cabbages.

*Upon Chub.*

**W**hen *Chub* brings in his harveſt, ſtill he  
cries,  
Aha my boyes ! heres wheat for Chriſtmas Pies !  
Soone after, he for beere ſo ſcores his wheat,  
That at the tide, he has not bread to eate.

*Pleasures Pernicious.*

**W**Here Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never  
there  
Is ſober virtue, ſeen to move her ſphere.

*On Himſelf.*

**A** Wearied Pilgrim, I have wandred here  
Twice five and twenty, bate me but one  
yeer ;  
Long I have laſted in this world ; 'tis true,  
But yet thoſe yeers that I have liv'd, but few.  
Who by his gray Haires, doth his luſters tell,  
Lives not thoſe yeers, but he that lives them well.



One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he  
 Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe three :  
*He lives, who lives to virtue : men who cast  
 Their ends for Pleasure, do not live, but last.*

*To M. Laurence Swetnam.*

**R**Ead thou my Lines, my *Swetnam*, if there  
 be  
 A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee.  
 Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please ;  
 How will it drop pure hony, speaking these ?

*His Covenant or Protestation to Julia.*

**W**Hy do'st thou wound, & break my heart,  
 As if we sho'd for ever part ?  
 Hast thou not heard an Oath from me,  
 After a day, or two, or three,  
 I wo'd come back and live with thee ?  
 Take, if thou do'st distrust, that Vowe ;  
 This second Protestation now.  
 Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd Teare,  
 Which sits as Dew of Roses there :  
 That Teare shall scarce be dri'd before  
 Ile kisse the Threshold of thy dore.  
 Then weepe not, sweet ; but thus much know,  
 I'm halfe return'd before I go.

*On Himselfe.*

I Will no longer kiſs,  
I can no longer ſtay ;  
The way of all Fleſh is,  
That I muſt go this day :  
Since longer I can't live,  
My frolick Youths adieu ;  
My Lamp to you Ile give,  
And all my troubles too.

*To the moſt accompliſht Gentleman Maſter  
Michael Oulſworth.*

NOr thinke that Thou in this my Booke art  
worſt,  
Becauſe not plac't here with the midſt, or firſt.  
Since Fame that ſides with theſe, or goes before  
Thoſe, that muſt live with Thee for evermore.  
That Fame, and Fames rear'd Pillar, thou ſhalt ſee  
In the next ſheet, *Brave Man*, to follow Thee.  
Fix on That Columne then, and never fall ;  
Held up by Fames *eternall Peđeſtall*.

*To his Girles who would have him ſportfull.*

AS ! I can't, for tell me how  
Can I be gameſome, aged now ;

Besides, ye see me daily grow  
 Here, Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.  
 And I ere long, my Girles, shall see,  
 Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

*Truth and Falschood.*

**T***Ruth by her own simplicity is known ;  
 Falschood by Varnish and Vermillion.*

*His last Request to Julia.*

**I** Have been wanton, and too bold I feare,  
 To chafe o're much the Virgins cheek or eare :  
 Beg for my Pardon, *Julia* ; *He doth winne*  
*Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.*  
 That done, my *Julia*, dearest *Julia*, come,  
 And go with me to chuse my Buriall roome :  
 My Fates are ended ; when thy *Herrick* dyes,  
 Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his Eyes.

*On Himselfe.*

**O** Ne Eare tingles ; some there be,  
 That are snarling now at me :  
 Be they those that *Homer* bit,  
 I will give them thanks for it.

*Upon Kings.*

**K**ings must be dauntlesse : Subjects will con-  
temne  
Those, who want Hearts, and weare a Diadem.

*To his Girles.*

**W**Anton Wenches, doe not bring  
For my haire black colouring :  
For my Locks, Girles, let 'em be  
Gray or white, all's one to me.

*Upon Spur.*

**S**Pur jingles now, and sweares by no meane  
oathes,  
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay cloathes :  
Most like his Suite, and all commend the Trim ;  
And thus they praise the Sumpter ; but not him :  
As to the Goddesse, people did conferre  
Worship, and not to'th' Asse that carried her.

*To his Brother Nicolas Herrick.*

**W**Hat others have with cheapnesse scene, and  
ease,  
In Varnisht maps ; by'th' helpe of Compasses :

Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes, with all  
 Their large Narrations, *Incanonicall*,  
 Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries farre ;  
 And tel'ft to us, what once they were, and are.  
 So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate  
 This Kingdomes fortune, and that Empires fate :  
 Canst talke to us of *Sharon* ; where a spring  
 Of Roses have an endlesse flourishing.  
 Of *Sion*, *Sinai*, *Nebo*, and with them,  
 Make knowne to us the new *Jerusalem*.  
 The Mount of *Olives* ; *Calverie*, and where  
 Is, and hast seene, *thy Saviours Sepulcher*.  
 So that the man that will but lay his eares,  
 As *Inapostate*, to the thing he heares,  
 Shall be his hearing quickly come to see  
 The truth of Travails lesse in bookes then Thee.

*The Voice and Violl.*

**R** Are is the voice it felfe ; but when we sing  
 To'th' Lute or Violl, then 'tis ravishing.

*Warre.*

**I**F Kings and kingdomes, once distracted be,  
 The sword of war must trie the Sovereignty.

*A King and no King.*

**T**hat Prince, who may doe nothing but what's  
just,  
Rules but by leave, and takes his Crowne on trust.

*Plots not still prosperous.*

**A**ll are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile;  
Nor those false vows, which oft times don't  
prevaile.

*Flatterie.*

**W**hat is't that wafts a Prince? example  
showes,  
'Tis flatterie spends a King, more then his foes.

*Upon Rumpe.*

**R**umpe is a Turne-broach, yet he seldome can  
Steale a swolne sop out of the Dripping pan.

*Upon Shopter.*

**O**ld Widow Shopter, when so ere she cries,  
Lets drip a certain Gravie from her eyes.

*Upon Deb.*

**I**F felt and heard, unseen, thou dost me please ;  
If seen, thou lik'st me, *Deb*, in none of these.

*Excesse.*

**E**Xcesse is fluttish : keepe the meane ; for why ?  
Vertue's clean Conclave is sobriety.

*Upon Croot.*

**O**Ne silver spoon shines in the house of *Croot* ;  
Who cannot buie, or steale a second to't.

*The Soul is the Salt.*

**T**He body's salt, the soule is ; which when gon,  
The flesh soone sucks in putrifaction.

*Upon Flood, or a thankfull Man.*

**F***Lood*, if he has for him and his a bit,  
He sayes his fore and after Grace for it :  
If meate he wants, then Grace he sayes to see  
His hungry belly borne by Legs *faile-free*.  
Thus have, or have not, all alike is good,  
To this our poore, yet ever patient *Flood*.

*Upon Pimpe.*

**W**Hen *Pimpes* feet sweat, as they doe often use,  
There springs a sope-like-lather in his shoos.

*Upon Lufke.*

**I**N Den'-shire Kerzie *Lufk*, when he was dead,  
Wo'd shrouded be, and therewith buried.  
When his Assignes askt him the reason why?  
He said, because he got his wealth thereby.

*Foolishnesse.*

**I**N's *Tusc'lanes*, *Tullie* doth confesse,  
No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

*Upon Russh.*

**R***ussh* saves his shoos, in wet and snowie  
wether;  
And feares in summer to weare out the lether:  
This is strong thrift that warie *Russh* doth use  
Summer and Winter still to save his shoos.

*Abstinence.*

**A**gainst diseases here the strongest fence  
Is the defensive vertue, Abstinence.



*No Danger to Men desperate.*

**W**hen feare admits no hope of safety, then  
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

*Sauce for Sorrowes.*

**A**lthough our suffering meet with no reliefe,  
*An equall mind is the best sauce for grieve.*

*To Cupid.*

**I** Have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold ;  
Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with  
Let's trie of us who shall the first expire ; [cold.  
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire :  
*Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike,*  
*And bring to'th' heart destruction both alike.*

*Distrust.*

**W**hat ever men for Loyalty pretend,  
*'Tis Wisdomes part to doubt a faithfull friend.*

*The Hagg.*

**T**He staffe is now greas'd,  
And very well pleas'd,  
She cockes out her Arse at the parting,  
To an old Ram Goat,

That rattles i' th' throat,  
Halfe choakt with the stink of her farting.

In a dirtie Haire lace  
She leads on a brace  
Of black-bore-cats to attend her ;  
Who scratch at the Moone,  
And threaten at noone  
Of night from Heaven for to rend her.

A hunting she goes ;  
A crackt horne she blowes ;  
At which the hounds fall a bounding ;  
While th' Moone in her sphere  
Peepes trembling for feare,  
And night's afraid of the sounding.

*The Mount of the Muses.*

**A**fter thy labour take thine ease,  
Here with the sweet *Pierides*.  
But if so be that men will not  
Give thee the Laurell Crowne for lot ;  
Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one  
Not subject to corruption.

*On Himselfe.*

**I**L'e write no more of Love ; but now repent  
Of all those times that I in it have spent.

Ile write no more of life ; but with twas ended,  
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

*To his Booke.*

**G**Oe thou forth, my booke, though late ;  
Yet be timely fortunate.  
It may chance good-luck may fend  
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,  
That may harbour thee, when I,  
With my fates neglected lye.  
If thou know'st not where to dwell,  
See, the fier's by : *Farewell.*

*The End of his Worke.*

**P**ART of the worke remains ; one part is past :  
And here my ship rides having Anchor cast.

*To Crowne it.*

**M**Y wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd !  
The Haven reacht to which I first was  
bound.

*On Himselfe.*

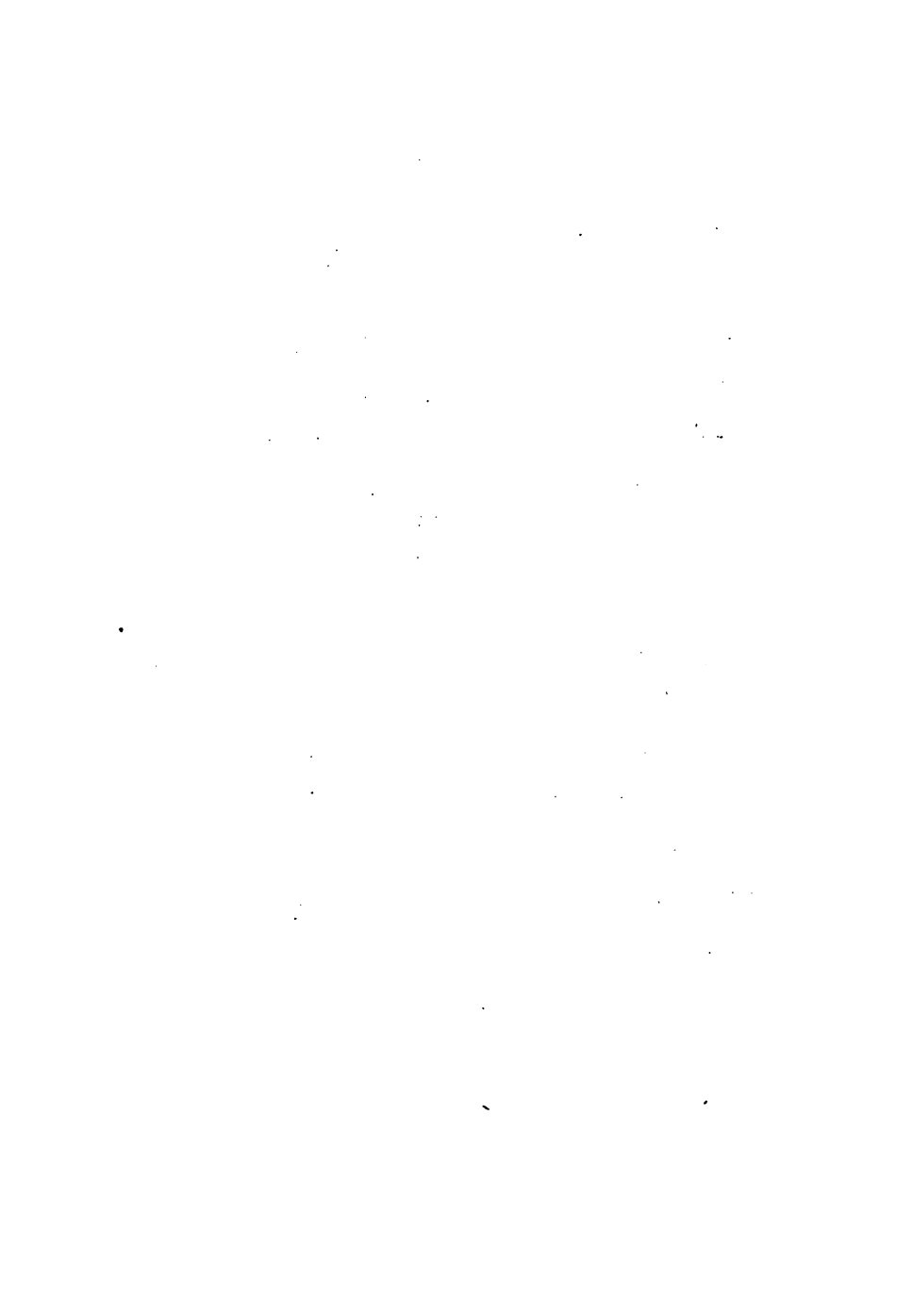
**T**He worke is done : young men and maidens,  
fet  
Upon my curles the *Mirtle Coronet,*

Wafht with fweet ointments ; Thus at laft I come  
 To fuffer in the Mufes *Martyrdome* :  
 But with this comfort, if my blood be fhed,  
 The Mufes will weare blackes, when I am dead.

*The pillar of Fame.*

FAMES pillar here, at laft, we fet,  
 Out-during *Marble, Brasse, or Jet*,  
 Charm'd and enchanted fo,  
 As to withftand the blow  
     Of overthrow :  
     Nor fhall the feas,  
     Or O U T R A G E S  
     Of ftorms orebear  
     What we up-rear,  
     Tho Kingdoms fal,  
 This pillar never fhall  
 Decline or wafte at all ;  
 But ftand for ever by his owne  
 Firme and well fixt foundation.

T O his Book's end this laft line he'd have  
     plac't,  
*Jocond his Mufe was ; but his Life was chaft.*



HIS  
NOBLE NUMBERS:  
OR,  
HIS PIOUS PIECES.

Wherein (amongst other things)  
He sings the Birth of his CHRIST:  
and fighes for his *Saviours*  
suffering on the  
*Crosse*.

---

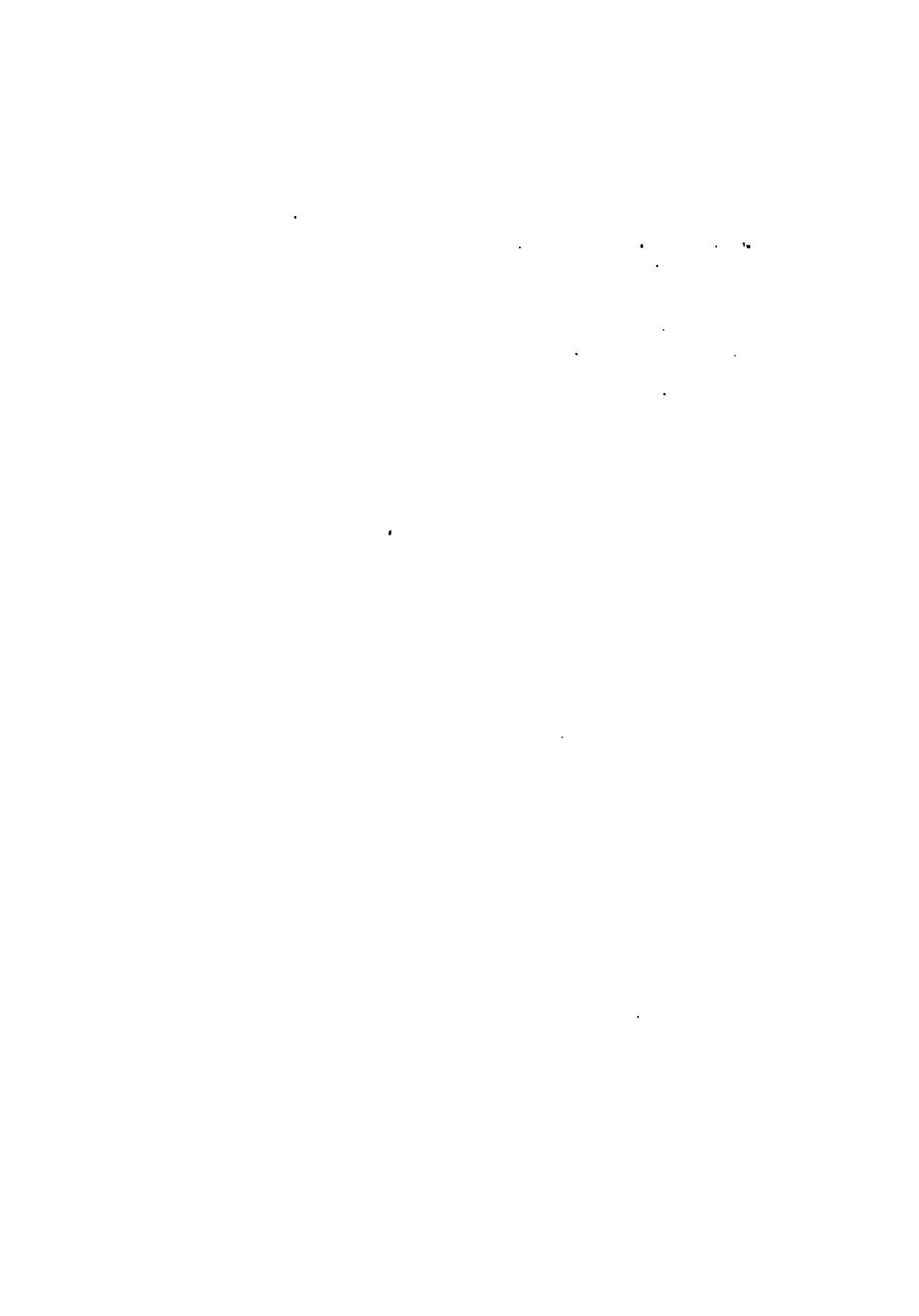
HESIOD.

"Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.  
"Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.

---



LONDON.  
Printed for *John Williams*, and *Francis Eglesfield*.  
1647.





# His Noble Numbers : or, His Pious Pieces.

## *His Confession.*



Look how our foule Dayes do exceed  
our faire ;  
And as our bad, more then our good  
Works are,  
Ev'n so those Lines, pen'd by my wanton Wit,  
Treble the number of these good I've writ.  
Things precious are least num'rous : Men are  
prone  
To do ten Bad, for one Good Action.

## *His Prayer for Absolution.*

For Those my unbaptized Rhimes,  
Writ in my wild unhallowed Times ;  
For every sentence, clause, and word,  
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,



Forgive me, God, and blot each Line  
 Out of my Book, that is not Thine.  
 But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one  
 Worthy thy Benediction ;  
 That One of all the rest, shall be  
 The Glory of my Work, and Me.

*To finde God.*

**W**Eigh me the Fire ; or canst thou find  
 A way to measure out the Wind ;  
 Distinguish all those Floods that are  
 Mixt in that wat'rie Theater ;  
 And tast thou them as saltlesse there,  
 As in their Channell first they were.  
 Tell me the People that do keep  
 Within the Kingdomes of the Deep ;  
 Or fetch me back that Cloud againe,  
 Beshiver'd into seeds of Raine ;  
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares  
 Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares ;  
 Shew me that world of Starres, and whence  
 They noiselesse spill their Influence :  
 This if thou canst ; then shew me Him  
 That rides the glorious *Cherubim*.

*What God is.*

**G**OD is above the sphere of our esteem,  
 And is the best known, not defining Him.

*Upon God.*

**G**OD is not onely said to be  
An *Ens*, but *Supraentitie*.

*Mercy and Love.*

**G**OD hath two wings, which He doth ever  
move,  
The one is Mercy, and the next is Love :  
Under the first the Sinners ever trust ;  
And with the last he still directs the Just.

*Gods Anger without Affection.*

**G**OD when He's angry here with any one,  
His wrath is free from perturbation ;  
And when we think His looks are fowre and grim,  
The alteration is in us, not Him.

*God not to be comprehended.*

'**T**Is hard to finde God, but to comprehend  
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

*Gods part.*

**P**Rayers and Praises are those spotlesse two  
Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as  
due.

*Affliction.*

**G**OD n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,  
Though He may seem to over-act His part :  
Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can beare ;  
But yet still lesse then Grace can suffer here.

*Three fatall Sisters.*

**T**Hree fatall Sisters wait upon each sin ;  
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt  
within.

*Silence.*

**S**uffer thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk :  
God, the most Wise, is sparing of His talk.

*Mirth.*

**T**Rue mirth resides not in the smiling skin :  
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

*Loading and Unloading.*

**G**OD loads, and unloads ; thus His work  
begins,  
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

*Gods Mercy.*

**G**ODS boundlesse mercy is, to sinfull man,  
 Like to the ever-wealthy Ocean :  
 Which though it sends forth thousand streams, 'tis  
           ne're  
 Known, or els seen to be the emptier :  
 And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more  
 Full, and fild-full, then when full-fild before.

*Prayers must have Poise.*

**G**OD He rejects all Prayers that are sleight,  
 And want their Poise : words ought to have  
           their weight.

*To God: an Anthem, sung in the Chappell at  
 White-Hall, before the King.*

*Verse.*     **M**Y God, I'm wounded by my sin,  
                     And fore without, and sick within:  
*Ver.Chor.* I come to Thee, in hope to find  
                     Salve for my body; and my mind.  
*Verse.*     In *Gilead* though no Balme be found,  
                     To ease this smart, or cure this wound ;  
*Ver.Chor.* Yet, Lord, I know there is with Thee  
                     All saving health, and help for me.  
*Verse.*     Then reach Thou forth that hand of  
                     Thine,

That powres in oyle, as well as wine.  
*Ver. Chor.* And let it work, for I'll endure  
 The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure.

*Upon God.*

**G**OD is all fore-part ; for, we never see  
 Any part backward in the Deitie.

*Calling, and Correcting.*

**G**OD is not onely mercifull, to call  
 Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

*No Escaping the Scourging.*

**G**OD scourgeth some severely, some He spares ;  
 But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

*The Rod.*

**G**ODS Rod doth watch while men do sleep ;  
 and then  
 The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

*God has a twofold part.*

**G**OD when for sin He makes His Children  
 smart,  
 His own He acts not, but anothers part :

But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis  
known,  
He comes to play the part that is His own.

*God is One.*

GOD, as He is most Holy knowne ;  
So He is said to be most One.

*Persecutions profitable.*

Afflictions they most profitable are  
To the beholder, and the sufferer :  
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,  
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

*To God.*

DO with me, God ! as Thou didst deal with  
*John,*  
(Who writ that heavenly *Revelation*) ;  
Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder heare ;  
Then let the Harps enchantments strike mine eare ;  
Here give me thornes ; there, in thy Kingdome, set  
Upon my head the golden coronet ;  
There give me day ; but here my dreadfull night :  
My sackcloth here ; but there my *Stole* of white.

*Whips.*

**G**OD has his whips here to a twofold end,  
The bad to punish, and the good t'amend

*Gods Providence.*

**I**F all transgressions here should have their pay  
What need there then be of a reckning day :  
If God should punish no sin, here, of men,  
His Providence who would not question then ?

*Temptation.*

**T**Hose Saints, which God loves best,  
The Devill tempts not least.

*His Ejaculation to God.*

**M**Y God ! looke on me with thine eye  
Of pittie, not of scrutinie ;  
For if thou dost, thou then shalt see  
Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.  
O then ! for mercies sake, behold  
These my irruptions manifold ;  
And heale me with thy looke, or touch :  
But if thou wilt not deigne so much,  
Because I'm odious in thy sight,  
Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

*Gods Gifts not soone granted.*

**G**OD heares us when we pray, but yet defers  
 His gifts, to exercise Petitioners :  
 And though a while He makes Requesters stay,  
 With Princely hand He'l recompence delay.

*Persecutions purifie.*

**G**OD strikes His Church, but 'tis to this in-  
 tent,  
 To make, not marre her, by this punishment :  
 So where He gives the bitter Pills, be sure,  
 'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

*Pardon.*

**G**OD pardons those, who do through frailty  
 fin ;  
 But never those that persevere therein.

*An Ode of the Birth of our Saviour.*

**I**N Numbers, and but these few,  
 I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU !  
 Thou prettie Babie, borne here,  
 With sup'rabundant scorn here :  
 Who for Thy Princely Port here,



Hadst for Thy place  
Of Birth, a base  
Out-stable for thy Court here.

Instead of neat Inclosures  
Of inter-woven Ofiers ;  
Instead of fragrant Posies  
Of Daffadills, and Roses ;  
Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,  
As Gospell tells,  
Was nothing els,  
But, here, a homely manger.

But we with Silks, not Cruells,  
With sundry precious Jewells,  
And Lilly-work will dresse Thee ;  
And as we dispossesse thee  
Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,  
Sweet Babe, for Thee,  
Of Ivorie,  
And plaister'd round with Amber.

The Jewes they did disdaine Thee,  
But we will entertaine Thee  
With Glories to await here  
Upon Thy Princely State here,  
And more for love, then pittie.  
From yeere to yeere  
Wee'l make Thee, here,  
A Free-born of our Citie.

*Lip-labour.*

**I**N the old Scripture I have often read,  
The calfe without meale n'ere was offered ;  
To figure to us, nothing more then this,  
Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

*The Heart.*

**I**N Prayer the Lips ne're act the winning part,  
Without the sweet concurrence of the Heart.

*Eare-rings.*

**W**Hy wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare ?  
But for to teach us, all the grace is there,  
When we obey, by acting what we heare.

*Sin seen.*

**W**Hen once the fin has fully acted been,  
Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

*Upon Time.*

**T**Ime was upon  
The wing, to flie away ;  
And I cal'd on  
Him but a while to stay ;  
But he'd be gone,  
For ought that I could say.

He held out then,  
A Writing, as he went ;  
And askt me, when  
Falso man would be content  
To pay agen,  
What God and Nature lent.

An houre-glasse,  
In which were sands but few,  
As he did passe,  
He shew'd, and told me too,  
Mine end near was,  
And so away he flew.

*His Petition.*

**I**F warre, or want shall make me grow so poore,  
As for to beg my bread from doore to doore ;  
Lord ! let me never act that beggars part,  
Who hath thee in his mouth, not in his heart.  
He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,  
Without due reverence, playes the cheaters game.

*To God.*

**T**Hou hast promis'd, Lord, to be  
With me in my miserie ;  
Suffer me to be so bold,  
As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

*His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit.*

**I**N the houre of my distresse,  
When temptations me oppresse,  
And when I my sins confesse,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart, and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomforted,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artlesse Doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his Fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When his Potion and his Pill,  
His, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing-bell doth tole,  
And the Furies in a shole  
Come to fright a parting soule ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burne blew,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more then true ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Priest his last hath praid,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decaid ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knowes, I'm tost about,  
Either with despaire, or doubt ;  
Yet before the glasse be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And halfe damns me with untruth ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine eares, and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprize ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Judgment is reveal'd,  
And that open'd which was seal'd,  
When to Thee I have appeal'd ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me ;

*Thanksgiving.*

**T**hanksgiving for a former, doth invite  
God to bestow a second benefit.

*Cock-crow.*

**B**ell-man of Night, if I about shall go  
For to denie my Master, do thou crow.  
Thou stop'st S. *Peter* in the midst of sin ;  
Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin ;  
Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun  
A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

*All things run well for the Righteous.*

**A**dverse and prosperous Fortunes both work  
on  
Here, for the righteous mans salvation :  
Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,  
All serve to th' Augmentation of his good.

*Paine ends in Pleasure.*

**A**fflictions bring us joy in times to come,  
When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

*To God.*

**I**'Le come, I'le creep, though Thou dost threat,  
Humbly unto Thy Mercy-seat :  
When I am there, this then I'le do,  
Give Thee a Dart, and Dagger too ;  
Next, when I have my faults confest,  
Naked I'le shew a sighing brest ;  
Which if that can't Thy pittie wooe,  
Then let Thy Justice do the rest,  
And strike it through.

*A Thanksgiving to God, for his House.*

**L**Ord, Thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell ;  
A little house, whose humble Roof  
Is weather-proof ;  
Under the sparres of which I lie  
Both soft, and drie ;  
Where Thou my chamber for to ward  
Hast set a Guard  
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me, while I sleep,  
Low is my porch, as is my Fate,  
Both void of state ;  
And yet the threshold of my doore  
Is worn by th' poore,

Who thither come, and freely get  
    Good words, or meat :  
Like as my Parlour, so my Hall  
    And Kitchin's small :  
A little Butterie, and therein  
    A little Byn,  
Which keeps my little loafe of Bread  
    Unchipt, unfleat :  
Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar  
    Make me a fire,  
Close by whose living coale I sit,  
    And glow like it.  
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,  
    The Pulse is Thine,  
And all those other Bits, that bee  
    There plac'd by Thee ;  
The Worts, the Purflain, and the Messe  
    Of Water-creffe,  
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent ;  
    And my content  
Makes those, and my beloved Beet,  
    To be more sweet.  
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth  
    With guiltlesse mirth ;  
And giv'st me Wassaile Bowles to drink,  
    Spic'd to the brink.  
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand,  
    That soiles my land ;  
And giv'st me, for my Bushell sowne,  
    Twice ten for one :



Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay  
     Her egg each day :  
 Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare  
     Me twins each yeare :  
 The while the conduits of my Kine  
     Run Creame, for Wine.  
 All these, and better Thou dost send  
     Me, to this end,  
 That I should render, for my part,  
     A thankfull heart ;  
 Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,  
     As wholly Thine ;  
 But the acceptance, that must be,  
     My Christ, by Thee.

*To God.*

**M**Ake, make me Thine, my gracious God,  
 Or with thy staffe, or with thy rod ;  
 And be the blow too what it will,  
 Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill :  
 Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,  
 Yet, in torments, I'll commend Thee :  
 Examine me with fire, and prove me  
 To the full, yet I will love Thee :  
 Nor shalt thou give so deep a wound,  
 But I as patient will be found.

*Another, to God.*

**L**Ord, do not beat me,  
Since I do sob and crie,  
And fwowne away to die,  
Ere Thou dost threat me.  
Lord, do not scourge me,  
If I by lies and oaths  
Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,  
But rather purge me.

*None truly happy here.*

**H**Appy's that man, to whom God gives  
A stock of Goods, whereby he lives  
Neer to the wishes of his heart :  
No man is blest through ev'ry part.

*To his ever-loving God.*

**C**An I not come to Thee, my God, for these  
So very-many-meeting hindrances,  
That slack my pace ; but yet not make me stay ?  
Who slowly goes, rids (in the end) his way.  
Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my  
miles,  
Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles :  
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,  
And take me up ; or els prevent the fall.

I kenn my home ; and it affords some ease,  
 To see far off the smoaking Villages.  
 Fain would I rest ; yet covet not to die,  
 For feare of future-biting penurie :  
 No, no, my God, Thou know'st my wishes be  
 To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

*Another.*

**T**Hou bidst me come ; I cannot come ; for  
                   why,  
 Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.  
 To mount my Soule, she must have pineons given ;  
 For, 'tis no easie way from Earth to Heaven.

*To Death.*

**T**Hou bidst me come away,  
       And I'll no longer stay,  
 Then for to shed some teares  
 For faults of former yeares ;  
 And to repent some crimes,  
 Done in the present times :  
 And next, to take a bit  
 Of Bread, and Wine with it :  
 To d'on my robes of love,  
 Fit for the place above ;  
 To gird my loynes about  
 With charity throughout ;

And so to travaile hence  
With feet of innocence :  
These done, I'le onely crie  
*God mercy ; and so die.*

*Neutrality loathsome.*

GOD will have all, or none ; serve Him, or fall  
Down before *Baal, Bel, or Belial* :  
Either be hot, or cold : God doth despise,  
Abhorre, and spew out all Neutralities.

*Welcome what comes.*

WWhatever comes, let's be content withall :  
Among God's Blessings, there is no one  
small.

*To his angrie God.*

THrough all the night  
Thou dost me fright,  
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping ;  
And day, by day,  
My Cup can say,  
My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread  
With ashes knead,  
Each evening and each morrow :

Mine eye and eare  
Do see, and heare  
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of Steele,  
Ay me ! I feele,  
Upon me beating ever :  
While my sick heart  
With dismall smart  
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,  
This can't endure ;  
But in short time 'twill please Thee,  
My gentle God,  
To burn the rod,  
Or strike so as to ease me.

*Patience, or Comforts in Crosses.*

**A** Bundant plagues I late have had,  
Yet none of these have made me sad :  
For why, my Saviour, with the sense  
Of suffering, gives me patience.

*Eternitie.*

**O** Yeares ! and Age ! Farewell :  
Behold I go,  
Where I do know  
Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see  
     All times, how they  
     Are lost i' th' Sea  
 Of vast Eternitie.

Where never Moone shall fway  
     The Starres ; but she,  
     And Night, shall be  
 Drown'd in one endlesse Day.

*To his Saviour, a Child ; a Present, by a  
 child.*

G O, prettie child, and beare this Flower  
 Unto thy little Saviour ;  
 And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,  
 He is the *Rose of Sharon* known :  
 When thou hast said so, stick it there  
 Upon his Bibb, or Stomacher :  
 And tell Him, for good handsell too,  
 That thou hast brought a Whistle new,  
 Made of a clean strait oaten reed,  
 To charme his cries, at time of need :  
 Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none ;  
 But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one ;  
 But poore thou art, and knowne to be  
 Even as monileffe, as He.  
 Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse  
 From those mellifluous lips of his ;

Then never take a second on,  
To spoile the first impression.

*The New-yeeres Gift.*

**L** Et others look for Pearle and Gold,  
Tiffues, or Tabbies manifold :  
One onely lock of that sweet Hay  
Whereon the blessed Babie lay,  
Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be  
The richest New-yeeres Gift to me,

*To God.*

**I**F any thing delight me for to print  
My Book, 'tis this ; that *Thou, my God, art*  
*in't.*

*God, and the King.*

**H**OW am I bound to Two ! God, who doth  
give  
The mind ; the King, the meanes whereby I live.

*Gods Mirth, Mans Mourning.*

**W**HERE God is merry, there write down thy  
fears :  
What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with  
tears.

*Honours are hindrances.*

**G**IVE me Honours : what are these,  
 But the pleasing hindrances ?  
 Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come  
 In the way 'twixt me, and home :  
 Cleer the walk, and then shall I  
 To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

*The Parasceve, or Preparation.*

**T**O a Love-Feast we both invited are :  
 The figur'd Damask, or pure Diaper,  
 Over the golden Altar now is spread,  
 With Bread, and Wine, and Vessells furnished ;  
 The *sacred Towell*, and the *holy Eure*  
 Are ready by, to make the Guests all pure :  
 Let's go, my *Alma*, yet, e're we receive,  
 Fit, fit it is, we have our *Parasceve*.  
 Who to that *sweet Bread* unprepar'd doth come,  
 Better he starv'd, then but to tast one crumme.

*To God.*

**G**OD gives not onely corne, for need,  
 But likewise sup'rabundant seed ;  
 Bread for our service, bread for shew ;  
 Meat for our meales, and fragments too :



He gives not poorly, taking some  
 Between the finger, and the thumb ;  
 But, for our glut, and for our store,  
 Fine flowre preſt down, and running o're.

*A will to be working.*

**A**Lthough we cannot turne the fervent fit  
 Of ſin, we muſt ſtrive 'gainſt the ſtreame of it :  
 And howſoe're we have the conqueſt miſt ;  
 'Tis for our glory, that we did reſiſt.

*Chriſts Part.*

**C**HRIſT, He requires ſtill, whereſoere He  
 comes,  
 To feed, or lodge, to have the beſt of Roomes :  
 Give Him the choice ; grant Him the nobler part  
 Of all the Houſe : the beſt of all's the Heart.

*Riches and Poverty.*

**G**OD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore ;  
 But why He did not, let me tell wherefore :  
 Had all been rich, where then had Patience been ?  
 Had all been poore, who had His Bounty ſeen ?

*Sobriety in Search.*

**T**O ſeek of God more then we well can find,  
 Argues a ſtrong diſtemper of the mind.

*Almes.*

**G**Ive, if thou canst, an Almes; if not, afford,  
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word :  
*God crowns our goodnesse, wherefoere He sees,*  
*On our part, wanting all abilities.*

*To his Conscience.*

**C**AN I not sin, but thou wilt be  
My private *Protonotarie*?  
Can I not wooe thee to passe by  
A short and sweet iniquity?  
I'll cast a mist and cloud, upon  
My delicate transgression,  
So utter dark, as that no eye  
Shall see the hug'd impietie :  
*Gifts blind the wise,* and bribes do please,  
And winde all other witnessses :  
And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd  
To lay thy pen and ink aside?  
That in the mirk and tonguelesse night,  
Wanton I may, and thou not write?  
It will not be : And, therefore, now,  
For times to come, I'll make this Vow,  
From aberrations to live free ;  
So I'll not feare the Judge, or thee.

*To his Saviour.*

**L**ORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able  
To purifie this my *Augean* stable :  
Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope,  
Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

*To God.*

**G**OD is all-sufferance here ; here He doth show  
No Arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse Bow :  
His Arrowes flie ; and all his stones are hurl'd  
Against the wicked, in another world.

*His Dreame.*

**I** Dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse  
Oyle from Thy Jarre, into my creuze ;  
And powring still, Thy wealthy store,  
The vessell full, did then run ore :  
Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide,  
To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd  
By Thee, Deare God, God gives man seed  
Oft-times for wast, as for his need.  
Then I co'd say, that house is bare,  
That has not bread, and some to spare.

*Gods Bounty.*

**G**ODS Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,  
As men do wane in thankfulnesse.

*To his sweet Saviour.*

**N**ight hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep;  
And Time seems then, not for to flie, but  
creep;

Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she  
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.  
Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray  
The winds, to blow the tedious night away;  
That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.  
Sick is my heart! O Saviour! do Thou please  
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses:  
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath  
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death:  
Let me Thy voice betimes i'th'morning heare;  
Call, and I'll come; say Thou, the when, and  
where:

Draw me, but first, and after Thee I'll run,  
And make no one stop, till my race be done.

*His Creed.*

**I** Do believe, that die I must,  
And be return'd from out my dust:

I do believe, that when I rise,  
 Christ I shall see, with these same eyes :  
 I do believe, that I must come,  
 With others, to the dreadfull Doome :  
 I do believe, the bad must goe  
 From thence, to everlasting woe :  
 I do believe, the good, and I,  
 Shall live with Him eternally :  
 I do believe, I shall inherit  
 Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit :  
 I do believe, the One in Three,  
 And Three in perfect Unitie :  
 Lastly, that JESUS is a Deed  
 Of Gift from God : *And heres my Creed.*

*Temptations.*

**T**Emptations hurt not, though they have ac-  
 cesse :  
 Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnesse.

*The Lamp.*

**W**hen a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead ;  
 Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguished.

*Sorrows.*

**S**orrows our portion are : Ere hence we goe,  
 Crosses we must have ; or, hereafter woe.

*Penitencie.*

**A** Mans transgression God do's then remit,  
When man he makes a Penitent for it.

*The Dirge of Jephthahs Daughter : sung  
by the Virgins.*

**O** Thou, the wonder of all dayes !  
O Paragon, and Pearle of praise !  
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest  
Above the rest  
Of all the Maiden-Train ! We come,  
And bring fresh strewings to thy Tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round  
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted Ground ;  
And as we sing thy Dirge, we will  
The Daffadill,  
And other flowers, lay upon  
(The Altar of our love) thy Stone.

Thou wonder of all Maids, li'ft here,  
Of Daughters all, the Deereft Deere ;  
The eye of Virgins ; nay, the Queen  
Of this smooth Green,  
And all sweet Meades ; from whence we get  
The Primrose, and the Violet.

Too soon, too deere did *Jephthah* buy,  
 By thy sad losse, our liberty :  
 His was the Bond and Cov'nant, yet  
                                  Thou paid'st the debt,  
 Lamented Maid ! he won the day,  
 But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy Father brought with him along  
 The Olive branch, and Victors Song :  
 He slew the Ammonites, we know,  
                                  But to thy woe ;  
 And in the purchase of our Peace,  
 The Cure was worse then the Disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine,  
 We offer here, before thy Shrine,  
 Our sighs for Storax, teares for Wine ;  
                                  And to make fine,  
 And fresh thy Herse-cloth, we will, here,  
 Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares :  
 Receive this offering of our Haires :  
 Receive these Christall Vialls fil'd  
                                  With teares, distil'd  
 From teeming eyes ; to these we bring,  
 Each Maid, her silver Filleting,

To guild thy Tombe ; besides, these Caules,  
 These Laces, Ribbands, and these Faules,

These Veiles, wherewith we use to hide  
The Bashfull Bride,  
 When we conduct her to her Groome :  
 All, all we lay upon thy Tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,  
Shall we ere bring coy Brides to bed ;  
No more, at yeerly Festivalls  
We Cowflip balls,  
Or chaines of Columbines shall make,  
For this, or that occasions sake.

No, no ; our Maiden-pleasures be  
Wrapt in the winding-sheet, with thee :  
'Tis we are dead, though not i'th'grave :  
Or, if we have  
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep  
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of Spice ;  
And make this place all Paradiſe :  
May Sweets grow here ! & ſmoke from hence,  
Fat Frankincenſe :  
Let Balme, and Caffia ſend their ſcent  
From out thy Maiden-Monument.

May no Wolfe howle, or Screech-Owle stir  
A wing about thy Sepulcher !  
No boysterous winds, or stormes, come hither,  
To starve, or wither



Thy soft sweet Earth ! but, like a spring,  
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all thie Maids, at wonted hours,  
Come forth, to strew thy Tombe with flow'rs :  
May Virgins, when they come to mourn,  
Male-Incense burn

Upon thine Altar ! then return,  
And leave thee sleeping in thy Urn.

*To God, on his sicknesse.*

W<sup>H</sup>at though my Harp, and Violl be  
Both hung upon the Willow-tree ?  
What though my bed be now my grave,  
And for my house I darknesse have ?  
What though my healthfull dayes are fled,  
And I lie numbred with the dead ?  
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,  
To spring ; though now a wither'd flower.

*Sins loath'd, and yet lov'd.*

S<sup>H</sup>ame checks our first attempts ; but then 'tis  
prov'd,  
*Sins first dislik'd, are after that below'd.*

*Sin.*

S<sup>I</sup>n leads the way, but as it goes, it feels  
The following plague still treading on his heels.

*Upon God.*

**G**OD when He takes my goods and chattels  
hence,  
Gives me a portion, giving patience :  
What is in God is God ; if so it be,  
He patience gives ; He gives himselfe to me.

*Faith.*

**W**Hat here we hope for, we shall once inherit :  
By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

*Humility.*

**H**UMble we must be, if to Heaven we go :  
High is the roof there ; but the gate is low :  
When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye :  
Grace is increased by humility.

*Teares.*

**O**Ur present Teares here, not our present  
laughter,  
Are but the handfells of our joyes hereafter.

*Sin and Strife.*

**A**Fter true sorrow for our finnes, our strife  
Must last with Satan, to the end of life.

*An Ode, or Psalm, to God.*

D Eer God,  
If thy smart Rod  
Here did not make me sorrie,  
I sho'd not be  
With Thine, or Thee,  
In Thy eternall Glorie.

But since  
Thou didst convince  
My finnes, by gently striking ;  
Add still to those  
First stripes, new blowes,  
According to Thy liking.

Feare me,  
Or scourging teare me ;  
That thus from vices driven,  
I may from Hell  
Flie up, to dwell  
With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

*Graces for Children.*

W Hat God gives, and what we take,  
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake :  
Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,  
God be thank'd for those, and these :

Have we flesh, or have we fish,  
 All are Fragments from His dish.  
 He His Church save, and the King,  
 And our Peace here, like a Spring,  
 Make it ever flourishing.

*God to be first serv'd.*

**H**ONOUR thy Parents ; but good manners call  
 Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

*Another Grace for a Child.*

**H**ERE a little child I stand,  
 Heaving up my either hand ;  
 Cold as Paddocks though they be,  
 Here I lift them up to Thee,  
 For a Benizon to fall  
 On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

*A Christmas Caroll, sung to the King in the  
 Presence at White-Hall.*

*Chor.* **W**HAT sweeter musick can we bring,  
 Then a Caroll, for to sing  
 The Birth of this our heavenly King ?  
 Awake the Voice ! Awake the String !  
 Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing  
 Awake ! the while the active Finger  
 Runs division with the Singer.

*From the Flourish they came to the Song.*

- 1 Dark and dull Night, flie hence away,  
And give the honour to this Day,  
That sees *December* turn'd to *May*.
- 2 If we may ask the reason, say ;  
The why, and wherefore all things here  
Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere ?
- 3 Why do's the chilling Winters morne  
Smile, like a field beset with corne ?  
Or smell, like to a Meade new-shorne,  
Thus, on the fudden ? 4. Come and see  
The cause, why things thus fragrant be :  
'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth  
Gives life and lustre, publike mirth,  
To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

*Chor.* We see Him come, and know him ours,  
Who, with His Sun-shine, and His showers,  
Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

- 1 The Darling of the world is come,  
And fit it is, we finde a roome  
To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part  
Of all the house here, is the heart,

*Chor.* Which we will give Him ; and bequeath  
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,

To do Him honour ; who's our King,  
And Lord of all this Revelling.

*The Muscical Part was composed by*  
M. Henry Lawes.

*The New-yeeres Gift, or Circumcisions Song,  
sung to the King in the Prefence at  
White-Hall.*

- 1 **P**Repare for Songs ; He's come, He's  
come ;  
And be it fin here to be dumb,  
And not with Lutes to fill the roome.
- 2 Cast Holy Water all about,  
And have a care no fire gos out,  
But 'cense the porch, and place throughout.
- 3 The Altars all on fier be ;  
The Storax fries ; and ye may see,  
How heart and hand do all agree,  
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all lesf sweet  
then He.
- 4 Bring Him along, most pious Priest,  
And tell us then, when as thou seest  
His gently-gliding, Dove-like eyes,  
And hear'ft His whimp'ring, and His cries ;  
How canst thou this Babe circumcise ?

5 Ye must not be more pitifull then wife ;  
 For, now unlesse ye see Him bleed,  
 Which makes the Bapti'me ; 'tis decreed,  
 The Birth is fruitlesse : *Chor.* Then the *work God*  
*speed.*

1 Touch gently, gently touch ; and here  
 Spring Tulips up through all the yeere ;  
 And from His sacred Bloud, here shed,  
 May Roses grow, to crown His own deare Head.

*Chor.* Back, back again ; each thing is done  
 With zeale alike, as 'twas begun ;

Now finging, homeward let us carrie  
 The Babe unto His Mother *Marie* ;  
 And when we have the Child commended  
 To her warm bosome, then our Rites are ended.

Composed by M. *Henry Lawes.*

*Another New-yeeres Gift, or Song for  
 the Circumcision.*

- 1 **H**ENCE, hence, prophane, and none ap-  
 peare  
 With any thing unhallowed, here :  
 No jot of Leven must be found  
 Conceal'd in this most holy Ground :
- 2 What is corrupt, or fowr'd with fin,  
 Leave that without, then enter in ;

*Chor.* But let no Christmas mirth begin  
Before ye purge, and circumcise  
Your hearts, and hands, lips, eares, and eyes.

- 3 Then, like a perfum'd Altar, see  
That all things sweet, and clean may be :  
For, here's a Babe, that, like a *Bride*,  
Will *blush to death*, if ought be spi'd  
Ill-scenting, or unpurifi'd.

*Chor.* The room is cens'd : help, help t'invoke  
Heaven to come down, the while we choke  
The Temple, with a cloud of smoke.

- 4 Come then, and gently touch the Birth  
Of Him, who's Lord of Heav'n and Earth ;

- 5 And softly handle Him : y'ad need,  
Because the *prettie Babe* do's bleed.  
Poore-pittied Child ! who from Thy Stall  
Bring'ft in Thy Blood, a Balm, that shall  
Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.

- 1 Let's bleffe the Babe : And, as we sing  
His praise ; so let us bleffe the King :

*Chor.* Long may He live, till He hath told  
His New-yeeres trebled to His old :  
And, when that's done, to re-aspire  
A new-borne *Phœnix* from His own chaf't fire.



*Gods Pardon.*

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here ;  
 For, once in hell, none knowes Remission  
 there.

*Sin.*

SIN once reacht up to Gods eternall Sphere,  
 And was committed, not remitted there.

*Evell.*

EVILL no Nature hath ; the losse of good  
 Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

*The Star-Song : a Caroll to the King ;  
 sung at White-Hall.*

*The Flourish of Musick : then followed the Song.*

1 TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly  
 Tongue,  
 Where is the Babe but lately sprung ?  
 Lies He the Lillie-banks among ?

2 Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
 Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers,  
 Spangled with deaw-light ; thou canst cleere  
 All doubts, and manifest the where.

- 3 Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek  
Him in the Mornings blushing cheek,  
Or search the beds of Spices through,  
To find him out?

*Star.* No, this ye need not do ;  
But only come, and see Him rest  
A Princely Babe in's Mothers Brest.

*Chor.* He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round,  
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground ;  
And all rejoyce, that we have found  
*A King, before conception crown'd.*

- 4 Come then, come then, and let us bring  
Unto our prettie *Twelfth-Tide King*,  
Each one his severall offering ;

*Chor.* And when night comes, wee'l give Him  
waffailing :  
And that His treble Honours may be seen,  
Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His Mother  
Queen.

*To God.*

W Ith golden Censers, and with Incense, here,  
Before Thy Virgin-Altar I appeare,  
To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see  
In, or without ; all, all belongs to Thee :  
Where shall I now begin to make, for one

Least loane of Thine, half Restitution ?  
 Alas ! I cannot pay a jot ; therefore  
 I'll kisse the Tally, and confesse the score.  
 Ten thousand Talents lent me, Thou dost write :  
 'Tis true, my God ; *but I can't pay one mite.*

*To his deere God.*

I'Le hope no more,  
 For things that will not come :  
 And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome ;  
     Wealth brings much woe :  
 And, since it fortunes so ;  
 'Tis better to be poore,  
     Than so t'abound,  
     As to be drown'd,  
 Or overwhelm'd with store.

    Pale care, avant,  
 I'll learn to be content  
 With that small stock, Thy Bounty gave or lent.  
     What may conduce  
 To my most healthfull use,  
 Almighty God, me grant ;  
     But that, or this,  
     That hurtfull is,  
 Denie Thy suppliant.

*To God, his good Will.*

GOld I have none, but I present my need,  
O Thou, that crown'ft the will, where wants  
the deed.

Where Rams are wanting, or large Bullocks thighs,  
There a poor Lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.  
Take then his Vowes, who, if he had it, would  
Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and gold,  
Upon an Altar rear'd by Him, and crown'd  
Both with the *Rubie*, *Pearle*, and *Diamond*.

*On Heaven.*

PERmit mine eyes to see  
Part, or the whole of Thee,  
O happy place!  
Where all have Grace,  
And Garlands shar'd,  
For their reward;  
Where each chaste Soule  
In long white stole,  
And Palmes in hand,  
Do ravisht stand;  
So in a ring,  
The praises sing  
Of Three in One,  
That fill the Throne;

While Harps, and Violls then  
To Voices, say, *Amen.*

*The Summe, and the Satisfaction.*

**L** Ast night I drew up mine Account,  
And found my Debits to amount  
To such a height, as for to tell  
How I sho'd pay, 's impossible :  
Well, this I'le do ; my mighty score  
Thy mercy-feat I'le lay before ;  
But therewithall I'le bring the Band,  
Which, in full force, did daring stand,  
Till my Redeemer, on the Tree,  
Made void for millions, as for me.  
Then, if Thou bidst me pay, or go  
Unto the prison, I'le say, no ;  
*Christ* having paid, I nothing owe :  
For, this is sure, the Debt is dead  
By Law, the Bond once *cancelled.*

*Good Men afflicted most.*

**G**OD makes not good men wantons, but doth  
bring  
Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing ;  
With trialls those, with terrors these He proves,  
And hazards those most, whom the most he loves ;

For *Scæva*, darts ; for *Cocles*, dangers ; thus  
 He finds a fire for mighty *Mutius* ;  
 Death for stout *Cato* ; and besides all these,  
 A poyson too He has for *Socrates* ;  
 Torments for high *Attilius* ; and, with want,  
 Brings in *Fabricius* for a Combatant :  
 But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,  
 He never brings them once to th' push of Pikes.

*Good Christians.*

**P**Lay their offensive and defensive parts,  
 Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

*The Will the cause of Woe.*

**W**Hen man is punisht, he is plagued still,  
 Not for the fault of Nature, but of will.

*To Heaven.*

**O**Pen thy gates  
 To him, who weeping waits,  
 And might come in,  
 But that held back by sin.  
 Let mercy be  
 So kind, to set me free,  
 And I will strait  
 Come in, or force the gate.

*The Recompence.*

**A**Ll I have loft, that co'd be rapt from me ;  
 And fare it well : yet, *Herrick*, if fo be  
 Thy Deereft Saviour renders thee but one  
 Smile, that one fmile's full reftitution.

*To God.*

**P**ardon me God, once more I Thee intreat,  
 That I have plac'd Thee in fo meane a feat,  
 Where round about Thou feeft but all things vaine,  
 Uncircumcis'd, unfeafon'd, and prophane.  
 But as Heavens publike and immortall Eye  
 Looks on the filth, but is not foil'd thereby ;  
 So Thou, my God, may'ft on this impure look,  
 But take no tincture from my finfull Book :  
 Let but one beame of Glory on it fhine,  
 And that will make me, and my Work divine.

*To God.*

**L**Ord, I am like to *Mistletoe*,  
 Which has no root, and cannot grow,  
 Or prosper, but by that fame tree  
 It clings about ; fo I by Thee.  
 What need I then to feare at all,  
 So long as I about Thee craule ?

But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,  
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

*His Wish to God.*

**I** Would to God, that mine old age might have  
Before my last, but here a living grave,  
Some one poore Almes-house ; there to lie, or stir,  
Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher ;  
A little piggin, and a pipkin by,  
To hold things fitting my necessity ;  
Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,  
Might me excite to fore, and after-grace.  
Thy Crosse, my *Christ*, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd  
be,  
Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.  
So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,  
Reading Thy Bible, and my Book ; *so end.*

*Satan.*

**W**Hen we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more  
He teares and tugs us, then he did before ;  
Neglecting once to cast a frown on those  
Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

*Hell.*

**H**ell is no other, but a soundlesse pit,  
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.



*The Way.*

**W**Hen I a ship see on the Seas,  
 Cleft with those watric savages,  
 And therewithall, behold, it hath  
 In all that way no beaten path ;  
 Then, with a wonder, I confesse,  
 Thou art our way i'th wilderness :  
 And while we blunder in the dark,  
 Thou art our candle there, or spark.

*Great Grief, great Glory.*

**T**He lesse our sorrowes here and sufferings cease,  
 The more our Crownes of Glory there in-  
 crease.

*Hell.*

**H**ell is the place where whipping-cheer  
 abounds,  
 But no one Jailor there to wash the wounds.

*The Bell-man.*

**A** Long the dark, and silent night,  
 With my Lantern, and my Light,  
 And the tinkling of my Bell,  
 Thus I walk, and this I tell :



Death and dreadfulneſſe call on,  
To the gen'rall Seſſion ;  
To whoſe diſmall Barre, we there  
All accompts muſt come to cleere :  
Scores of ſins w'ave made here many,  
Wip't out few, God knowes, if any.  
Riſe, ye Debtors, then, and fall  
To make paiment, while I call.  
Ponder this, when I am gone ;  
By the clock 'tis almoſt *One*.

*The Goodneſſe of his God.*

**W**Hen Winds and Seas do rage,  
And threaten to undo me,  
Thou doſt their wrath aſſwage,  
If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty ſtorm laſt night  
Did ſeek my ſoule to ſwallow,  
But by the peep of light  
A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then deſpaire,  
Though illſ ſtand round about me ;  
Since miſchiefs neither dare  
To bark, or bite, without Thee ?

*The Widdowes Teares: or, Dirge of Dorcas.*

Come pite us, all ye, who see  
 Our Flaxs hung on the Willow-green :  
 Come pite us, ye Pastors ivy,  
 Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie :  
 Come pite us ; and bring your eares,  
 And eyes, to pite Widdowes teares.

*Chor.* And when you are come hither ;  
 Then we will keep  
 A Fast, and weep  
 Our eyes out all together.

For *Tabitha*, who dead lies here,  
 Clean wasser, and laid out for the Beere ;  
 O modest Matrons, weep and waille !  
 For now the Corne and Wine must faile :  
 The Basket and the Bynn of Bread,  
 Wherewith so many soules were fed

*Chor.* Stand empty here for ever :  
 And ah ! the Poore,  
 At thy worne Doore,  
 Shall be releev'd never.

Woe worth the Time, woe worth the day,  
 That reav'd us of thee, *Tabitha* !  
 For we have lost, with thee, the Meale,  
 The Bits, the Morrells, and the deale  
 Of gentle Paste, and yeelding Dow,  
 That Thou on Widdowes didst bestow.

*Chor.* All's gone, and Death hath taken  
Away from us  
Our Maundie ; thus,  
Thy Widdowes stand forsaken.

Ah *Dorcas, Dorcas !* now adieu  
We bid the Creuse and Pannier too :  
I and the flesh, for and the fish,  
Dol'd to us in That Lordly dish.  
We take our leaves now of the Loom,  
From whence the house-wives cloth did come :

*Chor.* The web affords now nothing ;  
Thou being dead,  
The woofed thred  
Is cut, that made us clothing.

Farewell the Flax and Reaming wooll,  
With which thy house was plentiful.  
Farewell the Coats, the Garments, and  
The Sheets, the Rugs, made by thy hand.  
Farewell thy Fier and thy Light,  
That ne're went out by Day or Night :

*Chor.* No, or thy zeale so speedy,  
That found a way  
By peep of day,  
To feed and cloth the Needy.

But, ah, alas ! the Almond Bough,  
And Olive Branch is wither'd now.  
The Wine Presse now is ta'ne from us,  
The Saffron and the Calamus.

The Spice and Spiknard hence is gone,  
The Storax and the Cynamon,

*Chor.* The Caroll of our gladnesse  
Ha's taken wing,  
And our late spring  
Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

How wise wast thou in all thy waies !  
How worthy of respect and praise !  
How Matron-like didst thou go drest !  
How soberly above the rest  
Of those that prank it with their Plumes ;  
And jet it with their choice perfumes.

*Chor.* Thy vestures were not flowing :  
Nor did the street  
Accuse thy feet  
Of mincing in their going.

And though thou here li'ft dead, we see  
A deale of beauty yet in thee.  
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,  
Thy lips with all diffused grace !  
Thy hands, though cold, yet spotlesse, white,  
And comely as the Chrysolite.

*Chor.* Thy belly like a hill is,  
Or as a neat  
Cleane heap of wheat,  
All set about with Lillies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we  
Will shew these garments made by thee ;

These were the Coats, in these are read  
 The monuments of *Dorcas* dead.  
 These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have  
 These hung, as honours o're thy Grave,  
*Chor.* And after us, distressed,  
           Sho'd fame be dumb;  
           Thy very Tomb  
 Would cry out, *Thou art blessed.*

*To God, in Time of Plundering.*

**R**Apine has yet tooke nought from me;  
 But if it please my God, I be  
 Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,  
 God make me thankfull still for it.  
 I have been gratefull for my store:  
 Let me say grace when there's no more.

*To his Saviour. The New-years Gift.*

**T**Hat little prettie bleeding part  
 Of Foreskin send to me:  
 And Ile returne a bleeding Heart,  
 For New-years gift to thee.

Rich is the Jemme that thou did'st send,  
 Mine's faulty too, and small:  
 But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,  
 Because I send Thee *all*.

*Doomes-Day.*

**L** Et not that Day Gods Friends and Servants  
       scare :  
 The Bench is then their place ; and not the Barre.

*The Poores Portion.*

**T**He sup'rabundance of my store,  
       That is the portion of the poore :  
 Wheat, Barley, Rie, or Oats ; what is't  
 But he takes tole of ? all the Grief.  
 Two raiments have I : *Christ* then makes  
 This Law ; that He and I part stakes.  
 Or have I two loaves ; then I use  
 The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

*The White Island: or Place of the Blest.*

**I**N this world, the *Isle of Dreames*,  
 While we sit by forrowes streames,  
 Teares and terrors are our theames  
       Reciting :

But when once from hence we flie,  
 More and more approaching nigh  
 Unto young Eternitie  
       Uniting :

In that *whiter Island*, where  
 Things are evermore sincere ;  
 Candor here, and lustre there  
 Delighting :

There no monstrous fancies shall  
 Out of hell an horror call,  
 To create, or cause at all,  
 Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep  
 We our eyes shall never steep ;  
 But eternall watch shall keep,  
 Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue  
 Me immortaliz'd, and you ;  
 And fresh joyes, as never too  
 Have ending.

*To Christ.*

**I** Crawl, I creep ; my *Christ*, I come  
 To Thee, for curing *Balsamum* :  
 Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree,  
 Affording salve of Soveraigntie.  
 My mouth I'le lay unto Thy wound  
 Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground :  
 For, rather then one drop shall fall  
 To waft, my JESU, I'le take all.



*To God.*

**G**OD ! to my little meale and oyle,  
 Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle :  
 And Thou my Pipkinnet shalt see,  
 Give a *wave-offring* unto Thee.

*Free Welcome.*

**G**OD He refuseth no man ; but makes way  
 For All that now come, or hereafter may.

*Gods Grace.*

**G**ODS Grace deserves here to be daily fed,  
 That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

*Coming to Christ.*

**T**O him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go,  
 Celerity even it self is slow.

*Correction.*

**G**OD had but one Son free from sin ; but  
                   none  
 Of all His sonnes free from correction.

*Gods Bounty.*

GOD, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,  
To give us more then Hope can fix upon.

*Knowledge.*

Science in God, is known to be  
A Substance, not a Qualitie.

*Salutation.*

CHRIST, I have read, did to His Chaplains  
say,  
Sending them forth, *Salute no man by' th way* ;  
Not, that He taught His Ministers to be  
Unsmooth, or fowre, to all civilitie ;  
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares  
Of tardidation in the Lords Affaires.  
Manners are good : but till his errand ends,  
Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

*Lasciviousnesse.*

L Asciviousnesse is known to be  
The sifter to saturday.

*Tearcs.*

**G**OD from our eyes all tearcs hereafter wipes,  
And gives His Children kisses then, not  
stripes.

*Gods Blessing.*

**I**N vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,  
Unlesse God gives the *Benedicite*.

*God, and Lord.*

**G**OD, is His Name of Nature; but that  
word  
Implies His Power, *when He's cal'd the LORD.*

*The Judgment-Day.*

**G**OD hides from man the reck'ning Day, that  
He  
May feare it ever for uncertaintie :  
That being ignorant of that one, he may  
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

*Angells.*

**A**Ngells are called Gods; yet of them, none  
Are Gods, but by *participation*:  
As Just Men are intitled Gods, yet none  
Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

*Long life.*

**T**He longer thred of life we spin,  
The more occasion still to fin.

*Tearcs.*

**T**He tearcs of Saints more sweet by farre,  
Then all the songcs of finners arc.

*Manna.*

**T**Hat Manna, which God on His people caſt;  
Fitted it ſelf to ev'ry Feeders taſt.

*Reverence.*

**T**Rue rev'rence is, as *Caffiodore* doth prove,  
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly  
love.

*Mercy.*

**M**ercy, the wise Athenians held to be  
Not an Affection, but a *Deitie*.

*Wages.*

**A**fter this life, the wages shall  
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

*Temptation.*

**G**OD tempteth no one, as *S. Aug's fine* saith,  
For any ill ; but, for the proof of Faith :  
Unto temptation God exposeth some ;  
But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

*Gods Hands.*

**G**ODS Hands are round, & smooth, that gifts  
may fall  
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

*Labour.*

**L**abour we must, and labour hard  
I'th *Forum* here, or *Vineyard*.

*Mora Sponsi, the Stay of the Bridegroome.*

**T**He time the Bridegroom stayes from hence,  
Is but the time of penitence.

*Roaring.*

**R**Oaring is nothing but a weeping part,  
Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

*The Eucharist.*

**H**E that is hurt seeks help : sin is the wound ;  
The salve for this i'th Eucharist is found.

*Sin severely punisht.*

**G**OD in His own Day will be then severe,  
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt  
here.

*Montes Scripturarum, the Mounts of the  
Scriptures.*

**T**He Mountains of the Scriptures are, some say,  
*Moses*, and *Iesus*, called *Ioshua* :  
The *Prophets* Mountains of the Old are meant ;  
The *Apostles* Mounts of the *New Testament*.

*Prayer.*

**A** Prayer, that is said alone,  
 Starves, having no companion.  
 Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,  
 And those great are, which ne're decay.  
 Pray not for silver, rust eats this;  
 Ask not for gold, which metall is:  
 Nor yet for houses, which are here  
 But earth: *such vowes nere reach Gods eare.*

*Christs Sadnesse.*

**C**Hrist was not sad, i'th garden, for His own  
 Passion, but for His sheeps disperſion.

*God heares us.*

**G**OD, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence;  
 If not to'th ſound, yet, to the ſenſe.

*God.*

**G**OD, as the learned *Damaſcen* doth write,  
 A *Sea of Subſtance* is, *Indefinite*.

*Clouds.*

**H**E that aſcended in a cloud, ſhall come  
 In clouds, deſcending to the publike *Dooome*.

*Comforts in Contentions.*

THE same, who crownes the Conquerour, will  
be  
A Coadjutor in the Agonie.

*Heaven.*

HEav'n is most faire ; but fairer He  
That made that fairest Canopie.

*God.*

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be  
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect *Entitie*.

*His Power.*

GOD can do all things, save but what are  
known  
For to imply a contradiction.

*Christs Words on the Crosse, My God,  
My God.*

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse  
upon,  
Had, as it were, a *Dereliction* ;  
In this regard, in those great terrors He  
Had no one *Beame* from Gods sweet Majestie.



## JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as *Boëtius* saith,  
No number of the *Plurall* hath.

*Confusion of Face.*

GOD then confounds mans face, when He  
not hears  
The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.

*Another.*

THE shame of mans face is no more  
Then prayers repel'd, sayes *Cassiodore*.

*Beggars.*

JACOB Gods Beggar was ; and so we wait,  
Though ne're so rich, all beggars at His Gate.

*Good, and bad.*

THE Bad among the Good are here mixt ever :  
The Good without the Bad are here plac'd  
never.

*Sin.*

**S***In no Existence ; Nature none it hath,  
Or Good at all, as learn'd Aquinas faith.*

*Martha, Martha.*

**T***He repetition of the name made known  
No other, then Christs full Affection.*

*Youth, and Age.*

**G***OD on our Youth bestowes but little ease ;  
But on our Age most sweet Indulgences.*

*Gods Power.*

**G***OD is so potent, as His Power can  
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.*

*Paradise.*

**P***aradise is, as from the Learn'd I gather,  
A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.*

*Observation.*

THE Jewes, when they built Houses, I have  
 read,  
 One part thereof left still unfinished :  
 To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own  
 Cities most sad and dire destruction.

*The Asse.*

GOD did forbid the Israelites, to bring  
 An Asse unto Him, for an *offering* :  
 Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse  
 His detestation to all slothfulnesse.

*Observation.*

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance there,  
 From her Sonnes Crosse, not shedding once  
 a teare :  
 Because the Law forbad to sit and crie  
 For those, who did as malefactors die.  
 So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,  
 Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the Law.  
 Observe we may, how *Mary Joses* then,  
 And th' other *Mary, Mary Magdalen*,  
 Sate by the Grave ; and sadly sitting there,  
 Shed for their Master many a bitter teare :  
 But 'twas not till their *dearest Lord* was dead ;  
 And then to weep they both were licensed.

*Tapers.*

**T**Hose Tapers, which we set upon the grave,  
In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have ;  
That soules departed are not put out quite ;  
But, as they walk't here in their *vestures* white,  
So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

*Christs Birth.*

**O**Ne Birth our Saviour had ; the like none yet  
Was, or will be a *second* like to it.

*The Virgin Mary.*

**T**O work a *wonder*, God would have her  
shown,  
At once, a Bud, and yet a *Rose full-blowne*.

*Another.*

**A**S Sun-beames pierce the glasse, and stream-  
ing in;  
No crack or Schisme leave i'th subtile skin :  
So the Divine Hand work't, and brake no thred,  
But, in a *Mother*, kept a *maiden-head*.

*God.*

**G**OD, in the *holy Tongue*, they call  
The Place that filleth *All in all*.

*Another of God.*

**G**OD'S said to leave this place, and for to  
come  
Nearer to that place, then to other some :  
Of locall motion, in no least respect,  
But only by impreffion of effect.

*Another.*

**G**OD is *Jehovah* cal'd ; which name of His  
Implies or *Essence*, or the *He* that Is.

*Gods Prefence.*

**G**OD'S evident, and may be said to be  
Present with just men, to the veritie :  
But with the wicked if He doth comply,  
'Tis, as S. *Bernard* saith, but seemingly.

*Gods Dwelling.*

**G**OD'S said to dwell there, wheresoever He  
Puts down some prints of His high Majestie :  
As when to man He comes, and there doth place  
His *holy Spirit*, or doth plant His *Grace*.

*The Virgin Mary.*

THE *Virgin Marie* was, as I have read,  
 The *House of God*, by *Christ* inhabited ;  
 Into the which He enter'd : but, the Doore  
 Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

*To God.*

GOD'S undivided, *One in Persons Three ;*  
 And *Three in Inconfused Unity :*  
*Originall of Effence* there is none  
 'Twixt God the *Father*, *Holy Ghost*, and *Sonne ;*  
 And though the *Father* be the first of *Three*,  
 'Tis but by *Order*, not by *Entitie*.

*Upon Woman and Mary.*

SO long, it seem'd, as *Maries* Faith was small,  
*Christ* did her *Woman*, not her *Mary* call :  
 But no more *Woman*, being strong in Faith ;  
 But *Mary* cal'd then, as *S. Ambrose* saith.

*North and South.*

THE *Jewes* their beds, and offices of ease,  
 Plac't *North* and *South*, for these cleane  
 purposes ;

That mans uncomely froth might not molest  
 Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and  
 West.

*Sabbaths.*

**S***abbaths* are threefold, as *S. Austine* sayes :  
 The first of Time, or Sabbath here of *Dayes* ;  
 The second is a Conscience trespass-free ;  
 The last the *Sabbath of Eternitie*.

*The Fast, or Lent.*

**N***oah* the first was, as Tradition sayes,  
 That did ordaine the Fast of forty *Dayes*.

*Sin.*

**T**Here is no evill that we do commit,  
 But hath th' extraction of some good from  
 it :  
 As when we sin ; God, the great *Chymist*, thence  
 Drawes out th' *Elixar* of true penitence.

*God.*

**G**OD is more here, then in another place,  
 Not by His *Essence*, but commerce of *Grace*.

*This, and the next World.*

**G**OD hath this world for many made ; 'tis  
true :

But He hath made the world to come for few.

*Ease.*

**G**OD gives to none so absolute an Ease,  
As not to know, or feel some *Grievances*.

*Beginnings and Endings.*

**P***Aul*, he began ill, but he ended well ;  
*Judas* began well, but he foulely fell :  
In godlineffe, not the beginnings, so  
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

*Temporall Goods.*

**T**Hese temp'rall goods God, the most Wise,  
commends  
To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends :  
Firft, that thefe goods none here may o're esteem,  
Because the wicked do partake of them :  
Next, that thefe ill's none cowardly may fhun ;  
Being, oft here, the juft mans portion.



*Hell Fire.*

**T**He fire of Hell this strange condition hath,  
To burn, not shine, as learned *Basil* faith.

*Abels Bloud.*

**S**Peak, did the Bloud of *Abel* cry  
To God for vengeance; yes, say I;  
Ev'n as the sprinkled bloud cal'd on  
God, for an expiation.

*Another.*

**T**He bloud of *Abel* was a thing  
Of such a rev'rend reckoning,  
As that the old World thought it fit,  
Especially to sweare by it.

*A Position in the Hebrew Divinity.*

**O**Ne man repentant is of more esteem  
With God, then one, that never sin'd 'gainst  
Him.

*Penitence.*

**T**He Doctors, in the Talmud, say,  
That in this world, one onely day  
In true repentance spent, will be  
More worth, then Heav'ns Eternitie.

*Gods Presence.*

GOD'S present ev'ry where ; but most of all  
Present by Union *Hypostaticall* :  
God, He is there, where's nothing else, Schooles  
say,  
And nothing else is there, *where He's away*.

*The Resurrection possible, and probable.*

FOR each one Body, that i'th earth is sowne,  
There's an up-rising but of one for one :  
But for each Graine, that in the ground is thrown,  
Threescore or fourescore spring up thence for one :  
So that the wonder is not halfe so great,  
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

*Christs Suffering.*

JUSTLY our *dearest Saviour* may abhorre us,  
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for  
us.

*Sinners.*

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,  
Either as when (the learned Schoolemen say)  
Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent ;  
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.



*Predestination.*

**P** *Redeſtination* is the Cauſe alone  
Of many ſtanding, but of fall to none.

*Another.*

**A** Rt thou not deſtin'd? then, with haſt, go on  
To make thy faire *Predeſtination* :  
If thou canſt change thy life, God then will pleaſe  
To change, or call back, His paſt *Sentences*.

*Sin.*

**S** In never flew a ſoule, unleſſe there went  
Along with it ſome tempting blandiſhment.

*Another.*

**S** In is an act ſo free, that if we ſhall  
Say, 'tis not free, 'tis then no ſin at all.

*Another.*

**S** In is the cauſe of death ; and ſin's alone  
The cauſe of Gods *Predeſtination* :  
And from Gods *Preſcience* of mans ſin doth flow  
Our *Deſtination* to eternall woe.



*Gods Keyes.*

**G**OD has *four* keyes, which He reserves alone ;  
The first of *Raine*, the key of *Hell* next  
known :  
With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe ;  
And with the *fourth* key He unlocks the tombe.

*Sin.*

**T**Here's no constraint to do amisse,  
Whereas but one enforcement is.

*Almes.*

**G**Ive unto all, left he, whom thou deni'st,  
May chance to be no other man, but *Christ*.

*Hell-Fire.*

**O**ne onely fire has Hell ; but yet it shall,  
Not after one sort, there excruciate all :  
But look, how each transgressor onward went  
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

*To keep a true Lent.*

**I**S this a Fast, to keep  
The Larder leane?  
And cleane  
From fat of Veales, and Sheep?

Is it to quit the dish  
Of Flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with Fish?

Is it to fast an houre,  
Or rag'd to go,  
Or show  
A down-cast look, and fowre?

No: 'tis a Fast, to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry Soule.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate,  
And hate;  
To circumscribe thy life.

To shew a heart grief-rent;  
To sterue thy sin,  
Not Bin;  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

*No Time in Eternitie.*

**B**Y houres we all live here, in Heaven is known  
No spring of Time, or Times succession.

*His Meditation upon Death.*

**B**E those few hours, which I have yet to spend, .  
Blest with the Meditation of my end :  
Though they be few in number, I'm content ;  
If otherwise, I stand indifferent :  
Nor makes it matter, *Nestors* yeers to tell,  
If man lives long, and if he live not well.  
A multitude of dayes still heaped on,  
Seldome brings order, but confusion.  
Might I make choice, long life sho'd be with-  
stood ;  
Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good :  
Which to effect, let ev'ry passing Bell  
Possesse my thoughts, next comes my dolefull  
knell :  
And when the night perswades me to my bed,  
I'll thinke I'm going to be buried :  
So shall the Blankets which come over me,  
Present those Turfs, which once must cover me :  
And with as firme behaviour I will meet  
The sheet I sleep in, as my Winding-sheet.  
When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,  
I will believe, that then my body dies :



And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,  
 I'll have in mind my Resurrection,  
 Which must produce me to that *Gen'rall Doome*,  
 To which the Peasant, so the Prince must come,  
 To heare the Judge give sentence on the Throne,  
 Without the least hope of affection.  
 Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence ;  
 When Hell and Horrour fright the Conscience.  
 Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin  
 To shun the least Temptation to a sin ;  
 Though to be tempted be no sin, untill  
 Man to th' alluring object gives his will.  
 Such let my life assure me, when my breath  
 Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death ;  
 Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,  
 I rise triumphant in my Funerall.

*Cloaths for Continuance.*

**T**Hose Garments lasting evermore,  
 Are works of mercy to the poore,  
 Which neither Tettar, Time, or Moth  
 Shall fray that filke, or fret this cloth.

*To God.*

**C**OME to me God ; but do not come  
 To me, as to the gen'rall Doome,  
 In power ; or come Thou in that state,  
 When Thou Thy Lawes didst promulgate,

When as the Mountains quak'd for dread,  
 And fullen clouds bound up his head.  
 No, lay thy stately terrours by,  
 To talke with me familiarly ;  
 For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,  
 I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare.  
 Speake thou of love and I'll reply  
 By way of *Epithalamie*,  
 Or sing of *mercy*, and I'll suit  
 To it my Violl and my Lute :  
 Thus let Thy lips but love distill,  
 Then come my God, and hap what will.

*The Soule.*

WHEN once the Soule has lost her way,  
 O then, how restless do's she stray !  
 And having not her God for light,  
 How do's she erre in endlesse night !

*The Judgement-day.*

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,  
 Who shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

*Sufferings.*

WE merit all we suffer, and by far  
 More stripes, then God layes on the sufferer.

*Paine and Pleasure.*

**G**OD suffers not His Saints, and Servants  
deere,  
To have continuall paine, or pleasure here :  
But look how night succeeds the day, so He  
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

*Gods Prefence.*

**G**OD is *all-present* to what e're we do,  
And as *all-present*, so *all-filling* too.

*Another.*

**T**Hat there's a God, we all do know,  
But what God is, we cannot show.

*The poore Mans Part.*

**T**ELL me rich man, for what intent  
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment ?  
When as the poore crie out, to us  
Belongs all gold superfluous.

*The right Hand.*

**G**OD has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft  
Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

*The Staffe and Rod.*

TWO instruments belong unto our God ;  
 The one a *Staffe* is, and the next a *Rod* :  
 That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,  
 The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

*God sparing in scourging.*

GOD still rewards us more then our desert :  
 But when He strikes, He quarter-acts His  
 part.

*Confession.*

CONFession twofold is, as *Austine* sayes,  
 The first of *sin* is, and the next of *praise* :  
 If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse :  
 If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulnesse.

*Gods Descent.*

GOD is then said for to descend, when He  
 Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie ;  
 As when, in humane nature He works more  
 Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

*No coming to God without Christ.*

**G**Od and great God! How sho'd I feare  
To come to Thee, if *Christ* not there!  
Co'd I but think, He would not be  
Present, to plead my cause for me;  
To Hell I'd rather run, then I  
Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

*Another, to God.*

**T**Hough Thou bee'st all that *Active Love*,  
Which heats those ravish'd Soules above;  
And though all joyes spring from the glance  
Of Thy most winning countenance;  
Yet fowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me;  
If through my *Christ* I saw not Thee.

*The Resurrection.*

**T**Hat *Christ* did die, the *Pagan* faith;  
But that He rose, that's *Christians* Faith.

*Coheires.*

**W**E are Coheires with *Christ*; nor shall His  
own  
*Heire-ship* be lesse, by our adoption:  
The number here of Heires, shall from the state  
Of His great *Birth-right* nothing derogate.

*The number of two.*

**G**OD hates the *Duall Number* ; being known  
The lucklesse number of division :  
And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon  
He did His *curious operation* ;  
'Tis never read there, as the Fathers say,  
God blest His work done on the *second day* :  
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,  
Or by our selves, or from the Pulpit read.

*Hardning of Hearts.*

**G**OD's said our hearts to harden then,  
When as His grace not supples men.

*The Rose.*

**B**Efore Mans fall, the Rose was born,  
S. *Ambrose* says, without the Thorn :  
But, for Mans fault, then was the Thorn,  
Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born ;  
But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

*Gods Time must end our Trouble.*

**G**OD doth not promise here to man, that He  
Will free him quickly from his miserie ;  
But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,  
Then He will give a happy end to it.

*Baptisme.*

**T**He strength of *Baptisme*, that's within ;  
It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

*Gold and Frankincense.*

**G**Old serves for Tribute to the King ;  
The *Frankincense* for Gods Offring.

*To God.*

**G**OD, who me gives a will for to repent ;  
Will add a power, to keep me innocent ;  
That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit,  
When I have done true Penance here for it.

*The Chewing the Cud.*

**W**Hen well we speak, & nothing do that's  
good,  
We not divide the *Hoof*, but chew the *Cud* :  
But when good words, by good works, have their  
proof,  
We then both chew the *Cud*, and cleave the  
*Hoof*.

*Christs twofold Coming.*

Thy former coming was to cure  
 My soules most desp'rate *Calenture*;  
 Thy second *Advent*, that must be  
 To heale my Earths infirmitie.

*To God, his gift.*

As my little Pot doth boyle,  
 We will keep this *Levell-Coyle*;  
 That a *Wave*, and I will bring  
 To my God, a *Heave-offering*.

*Gods Anger.*

GOD can't be wrathfull; but we may conclude,  
 Wrathfull He may be, by similitude:  
 God's wrathfull said to be, when He doth do  
 That without *wrath*, which wrath doth *force*  
       us to.

*Gods Commands.*

IN Gods Commands, ne're ask the reason why;  
 Let thy *obedience* be the best Reply.



*To God.*

IF I have plaid the *Truant*, or have here  
Fail'd in my part ; O ! Thou that art my *deare*,  
My *mild*, my *loving Tutor*, *Lord and God* !  
Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod.  
I know, that faults will many here be found,  
But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

*To God.*

THE work is done ; now let my *Lawrell* be  
Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me :  
That done, with Honour Thou dost me create  
Thy *Poet*, and Thy *Prophet Lawreat*.

*Good Friday : Rex Tragicus, or Christ going  
to His Crosse.*

Put off Thy Robe of *Purple*, then go on  
To the sad place of execution :  
Thine houre is come ; and the Tormentor stands  
Ready, to pierce Thy tender Feet, and Hands.  
Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,  
Th'inconstant, and unpurged Multitude  
Yawne for Thy coming ; some e're this time crie,  
How He deferres, how loath He is to die !

Amongſt this ſcumme, the Souldier, with his  
 ſpeare,  
 And that ſowre Fellow, with his *vineger*,  
 His *ſpunge*, and *ſtick*, do aſk why Thou doſt ſtay?  
 So do the *Skurfe* and *Bran* too: Go Thy way,  
 Thy way, Thou guiltleſſe man, and ſatiſſie  
 By Thine approach, each their beholding eye.  
 Not as a thief, ſhalt Thou aſcend the mount,  
 But like a Perſon of ſome high account:  
 The *Croſſe* ſhall be Thy *Stage*; and Thou ſhalt  
 there  
 The ſpacious field have for Thy *Theater*.  
 Thou art that *Rofcius*, and that markt-out man,  
 That muſt this day aſt the Tragedian,  
 To wonder and affrightment: Thou art He,  
 Whom all the flux of Nations comes to ſee;  
 Not thoſe poor Theeves that aſt their parts with  
 Thee:  
 Thoſe aſt without regard, when once a *King*,  
 And *God*, as Thou art, comes to ſuffering.  
 No, No, this *Scene* from Thee takes life and  
 ſenſe,  
 And ſoule and ſpirit plot, and excellence.  
 Why then begin, great King! aſcend Thy Throne,  
 And thence proceed, to aſt Thy Paſſion  
 To ſuch an height, to ſuch a period rais'd,  
 As Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n may ſtand amaz'd.  
 God, and good Angells guide Thee; and ſo bleſſe  
 Thee in Thy ſeverall parts of bitterneſſe;

That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the Tree,  
May, though they scorn Thee, praise and pitie  
Thee.

And we, Thy Lovers, while we see Thee keep  
The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep ;  
And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead ;  
That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly buried.

*His Words to Christ, going to the Crosse.*

WHEN Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,  
All Thy Disciples Thee forlook, and fled.  
Let their example not a pattern be  
For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

*Another, to his Saviour.*

IF Thou bee'st taken, *God* forbid,  
I flie from Thee, as others did :  
But if Thou wilt so honour me,  
As to accept my companie,  
I'le follow Thee, hap, hap what shall,  
Both to the *Judge*, and *Judgment-Hall* :  
And, if I see Thee posted there,  
To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,  
I'le take my share ; or els, my God,  
Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the Rod.

*His Saviours Words, going to the Crosse.*

**H**Ave, have ye no regard, all ye  
Who passe this way, to pitie me,  
Who am a man of miserie !

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one  
Who suffers not here for mine own,  
But for my friends *transgression* !

Ah ! *Sions Daughters*, do not feare  
The *Crosse*, the *Cords*, the *Nailles*, the *Speare*,  
The *Myrrhe*, the *Gall*, the *Vineger* :

For *Christ*, your loving Saviour, hath  
Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath ;  
Onely, there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,  
What bitter cups had been your due,  
Had He not drank them up for *you*.

*His Anthem, to Christ on the Crosse.*

**W**Hen I behold Thee, almost slain,  
With one, and all parts, full of  
pain :  
When I Thy gentle Heart do see

Pierc't through, and dropping bloud,  
for me,  
I'le call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

*Verf.* But yet it wounds my soule, to think,  
That for my sin, Thou, Thou must  
drink,  
Even Thou alone, the *bitter cup*  
Of *furie*, and of *vengeance* up.

*Chor.* Lord, I'le not see Thee to drink all  
The *Vineger*, the *Myrrhe*, the *Gall*:

*Ver. Chor.* But I will sip a little wine;  
Which done, Lord say, *The rest is mine.*

*This Crosse-Tree here  
 Doth JESUS beare,  
 Who sweet'ned first,  
 The Death accurs't.*

**H**ere all things ready are, make hast, make hast away;  
 For, long this work will be, & very short this Day.  
 Why then, go on to act: Here's wonders to be done,  
 Before the last least sand of Thy ninth houre be run;  
 Or e're dark Clouds do dull, or dead the Mid-dayes Sun.

Act when Thou wilt,  
 Bloud will be spilt;  
 Pure Balm, that shall  
 Bring Health to All.  
 Why then, Begin  
 To powre first in  
 Some Drops of Wine,  
 In stead of Brine,  
 To search the Wound,  
 So long unsound:  
 And, when that's done,  
 Let Oyle, next, run,  
 To cure the Sore  
 Sinne made before.  
 And O! Deare Christ,  
 E'en as Thou di'st,  
 Look down, and see  
 Us weepe for Thee.  
 And tho, Love knows,  
 Thy dreadfull Woes  
 Wee cannot ease;  
 Yet doe Thou please,  
 Who Mercie art,  
 T'accept each Heart,  
 That gladly would  
 Helpe, if it could.  
 Meane while, let mee,  
 Beneath this Tree,  
 This Honour have,  
 To make my grave.

*To his Saviours Sepulcher : his Devotion.*

**H**Aile holy, and all-honour'd Tomb,  
By no ill haunted ; here I come,  
With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome.  
I'le not prophane, by soile of sin,  
Thy Doore, as I do enter in :  
For I have wafht both hand and heart,  
This, that, and ev'ry other part ;  
So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,  
Then full affection, enter here.  
Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy Stone  
With a warm lip, and solemne one :  
And as I kisse, I'le here and there  
Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper.  
How sweet this place is ! as from hence  
Flow'd all *Panchaia's* Frankincense ;  
Or rich *Arabia* did commix,  
Here, all her rare *Aromaticks*.  
Let me live ever here, and stir  
No one step from this *Sepulcher*.  
Ravisht I am ! and down I lie,  
Confus'd, in this brave Extasie.  
Here let me rest ; and let me have  
This for my *Heaven*, that was Thy *Grave* :  
And, coveting no higher sphere,  
I'le my Eternitie spend here.

*His Offering, with the rest, at the Sepulcher.*

TO joyn with them who here confer  
Gifts to my Saviours Sepulcher ;  
Devotion bids me hither bring  
Somewhat for my Thank-Offering.  
Loe ! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower,  
To dresse my maiden-Saviour.

*His coming to the Sepulcher.*

HENCE they have born my Lord ; behold ! the  
Stone  
Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.  
Tell me, white Angell, what is now become  
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this Tombe ?  
Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,  
To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death ?  
If so, I'll thither follow, without feare,  
And live in Hell, if that my Christ stayes there.

OF all the good things whatſoe're we do,  
God is the APXH, and the ΤΕΛΟΣ too.







## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

### VOLUME FIRST.

#### HESPERIDES.

	Page
<b>B</b> IOGRAPHICAL NOTICE . . . . .	v
The Argument of his Book . . . . .	1
To his Muse . . . . .	2
To his Booke . . . . .	3
Another . . . . .	3
Another . . . . .	3
To the Soure Reader . . . . .	3
To his Booke . . . . .	4
When he would have his Verses read . . . . .	4
Upon Julia's Recovery . . . . .	4
To Silvia to wed . . . . .	5
The Parliament of Roses to Julia . . . . .	5
No Bashfulnesse in Begging . . . . .	6
The Frozen Heart . . . . .	6
To Perilla . . . . .	6
A Song to the Maskers . . . . .	7
To Perenna . . . . .	8
Treason . . . . .	8
Two Things Odious . . . . .	8
To his Mistresses . . . . .	8

284      *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*

	Page
The Wounded Heart . . . . .	9
No Loathſomneſſe in Love . . . . .	9
To Anthea . . . . .	10
The Weeping Cherry . . . . .	10
Soft Muſick . . . . .	11
The Difference betwixt Kings and Subjects . . . . .	11
His Answer to a Queſtion . . . . .	11
Upon Julia's Fall . . . . .	12
Expences Exhaust . . . . .	12
Love what it is . . . . .	12
Prefence and Abſence . . . . .	12
No Spouſe but a Siſter . . . . .	13
The Pomander Bracelet . . . . .	13
The Shooe-tying . . . . .	13
The Carkanet . . . . .	13
His failing from Julia . . . . .	14
How the Wall-flower came firſt, and why ſo called . . . . .	14
Why Flowers change colour . . . . .	15
To his Miſtreſſe objecting to him neither Toy- ing or Talking . . . . .	15
Upon the Loſſe of his Miſtreſſes . . . . .	16
The Dream . . . . .	16
The Vine . . . . .	17
To Love . . . . .	18
On Himſelfe . . . . .	18
Love's play at Puſh-pin . . . . .	18
The Roſarie . . . . .	19
Upon Cupid . . . . .	19
The Parcæ, or, Three dainty Deſtinies. The Armilet . . . . .	19
Sorrowes ſucceed . . . . .	20
Cherry-pit . . . . .	20
To Robin Red-breſt . . . . .	20
Diſcontents in Devon . . . . .	21
To his Paternall Countrey . . . . .	21

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*      285

	Page
Cherrie-ripe . . . . .	21
To his Mistresses . . . . .	22
To Anthea . . . . .	22
The Vision to Electra . . . . .	22
Dreams . . . . .	23
Ambition . . . . .	23
His request to Julia . . . . .	23
Money gets the mafterie . . . . .	23
The Scar-fire . . . . .	24
Upon Silvia, a Mistresse . . . . .	24
Cheerfulneffe in Charitie : or, The fweet Sa- crifice . . . . .	24
Once poore, ftill penurious . . . . .	25
Sweetneffe in Sacrifice . . . . .	25
Steame in Sacrifice . . . . .	25
Upon Julia's Voice . . . . .	25
Againe . . . . .	26
All things decay and die . . . . .	26
The Succellion of the foure fweet months . . . . .	26
No Shipwrack of Vertue. To a friend . . . . .	27
Upon his Sifter-in-Law, Mistresse Elizab : Her- rick . . . . .	27
Of Love. A Sonet . . . . .	27
To Anthea . . . . .	28
The Rock of Rubies : and The Quarrie of Pearls . . . . .	28
Conformitie . . . . .	29
To the King, upon his comming with his Army into the Weft . . . . .	29
Upon Rofes . . . . .	29
To the King and Queene, upon their unhappy difiances . . . . .	30
Dangers wait on Kings . . . . .	30
The Cheat of Cupid : Or, The ungentle Gueft. . . . .	30
To the reverend Shade of his religious Father . . . . .	32
Delight in Diforder . . . . .	33
To his Mufe . . . . .	33

286      *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*

	Page
Upon Love . . . . .	33
Dean-bourn, a rude River in Devon, by which sometimes he lived . . . . .	34
Kissing Usurie . . . . .	34
To Julia . . . . .	35
To Laurels . . . . .	36
His Cavalier . . . . .	36
Zeal required in Love . . . . .	37
The Bag of the Bee . . . . .	37
Love kill'd by Lack . . . . .	37
To his Mistresse . . . . .	38
To the generous Reader . . . . .	38
To Criticks . . . . .	38
Duty to Tyrants . . . . .	39
Being once blind, his request to Biancha . . . . .	39
Upon Blanch . . . . .	39
No want where there's little . . . . .	40
Barly-Break : or, Last in Hell . . . . .	40
The Definition of Beauty . . . . .	40
To Dianeme . . . . .	40
To Anthea lying in bed . . . . .	41
To Electra . . . . .	41
A Country life : To his Brother, M. Tho : Her- rick . . . . .	42
Divination by a Daffadill . . . . .	47
To the Painter, to draw him a Picture . . . . .	47
Upon Cuffe. Epig. . . . .	48
Upon Fone a School-maſter. Epig. . . . .	48
A Lyrick to Mirth . . . . .	48
To the Earle of Weſtmerland . . . . .	49
Againſt Love . . . . .	49
Upon Julia's Riband . . . . .	49
The Frozen Zone : or, Julia diſdainfull . . . . .	50
An Epitaph upon a ſober Matron . . . . .	50
To the Patron of Poets, M. End: Porter . . . . .	51
The ſadneſſe of Things for Sapho's Sickneſſe . . . . .	51

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*      287

	Page
Leanders Obsequies . . . . .	51
Hope heartens . . . . .	52
Foure Things make us happy here . . . . .	52
His Parting from Mrs. Dorothy Keneday . . . . .	52
The Teare sent to her from Stanes . . . . .	53
Upon one Lillie, who married with a Maid call'd Rose . . . . .	54
An Epitaph upon a Child . . . . .	55
Upon Scobble. Epig. . . . .	55
The Houre-glasse . . . . .	55
His Fare-well to Sack . . . . .	56
Upon Glasco. Epig. . . . .	58
Upon Mrs. Eliz : Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis . . . . .	58
The Custard . . . . .	58
To Myrrha hard-hearted . . . . .	59
The Eye . . . . .	59
Upon the much lamented, Mr. J. Warr . . . . .	60
Upon Gryll . . . . .	60
The Suspition upon his over-much Familiarity with a Gentlewoman . . . . .	61
Single Life most secure. . . . .	62
The Curse. A Song . . . . .	62
The wounded Cupid. Song . . . . .	63
To Dewes. A Song . . . . .	63
Some Comfort in Calamity . . . . .	64
The Vision . . . . .	64
Love me little, love me long . . . . .	65
Upon a Virgin kissing a Rose . . . . .	65
Upon a Wife that dyed mad with Jealoufie . . . . .	65
Upon the Bishop of Lincolne's Imprisonment . . . . .	66
Diswaitions from Idleneffe . . . . .	67
Upon Strut . . . . .	67
An Epithalamie to Sir Thomas Southwell and his Ladie . . . . .	67
Teares are Tongues . . . . .	74

288      *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*

	Page
Upon a young Mother of many Children . . . . .	75
To Electra . . . . .	75
His Wifh . . . . .	75
His Proteftation to Perilla . . . . .	76
Love perfumes all parts . . . . .	76
To Julia . . . . .	76
On Himfelfe . . . . .	77
Vertue is fenfible of fuffering . . . . .	77
The cruell Maid . . . . .	77
To Dianeme . . . . .	78
To the King, To cure the Evill . . . . .	79
His misery in a Miftrefle . . . . .	80
Upon Jollie's Wife . . . . .	80
To a Gentlewoman, objecting to him his gray haire . . . . .	81
To Cedars . . . . .	81
Upon Cupid . . . . .	81
How Primrofes came green . . . . .	82
To Jof: Lo: Bifhop of Exeter . . . . .	82
Upon a black Twift, rounding the Arme of the Counteffe of Carlile . . . . .	83
On Himfelfe . . . . .	83
Upon Pagget . . . . .	84
A Ring prefented to Julia . . . . .	84
To the Detrafter . . . . .	85
Upon the fame . . . . .	85
Julia's Petticoat . . . . .	86
To Mufick . . . . .	87
Difftruft . . . . .	87
Corinna's going a Maying . . . . .	87
On Julia's breath . . . . .	90
Upon a Child. An Epitaph . . . . .	90
A Dialogue betwixt Horace and Lydia, Trans- lated Anno 1627. and fet by Mr. Ro: Ramfey . . . . .	90
The captiv'd Bee: or, The Little Filcher . . . . .	91

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*      289

	Page
Upon Prig . . . . .	93
Upon Batt . . . . .	93
An Ode to Master Endymion Porter, upon his Brother's death . . . . .	93
To his dying Brother, Master William Herrick	94
The Olive Branch . . . . .	95
Upon Much-more. Epig. . . . .	96
To Cherry-blossomes . . . . .	96
How Lillies came white . . . . .	96
To Panfies . . . . .	97
On Gelli-flowers begotten . . . . .	97
The Lilly in a Chrystal . . . . .	97
To his Booke . . . . .	99
Upon some Women . . . . .	100
Supreme Fortune falls soonest . . . . .	100
The Welcome to Sack . . . . .	100
Impossibilities to his Friend . . . . .	104
Upon Luggs. Epig. . . . .	104
Upon Gubbs. Epig. . . . .	105
To live merrily, and to trust to Good Verfes . . . . .	105
Faire Dayes : or, Dawnes deceitfull . . . . .	107
Lips Tonguelesse . . . . .	107
To the Fever, not to trouble Julia . . . . .	108
To Violets . . . . .	108
Upon Bunce. Epig. . . . .	109
To Carnations. A Song . . . . .	109
To the Virgins, to make much of Time . . . . .	110
Safety to look to one's selfe . . . . .	110
To his Friend, on the untuneable Times . . . . .	111
His Poetrie his Pillar . . . . .	111
Safety on the Shore . . . . .	112
A Pastorall upon the Birth of Prince Charles, presented to the King, and fet by Mr. Nic : Lanier. . . . .	112
To the Lark . . . . .	114
The Bubble. A Song. . . . .	115



290      *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*

	Page
A Meditation for his Mistresse . . . . .	115
The bleeding Hand : or, The Sprig of Eglantine given to a Maid . . . . .	116
Lyrick for Legacies . . . . .	117
A Dirge upon the Death of the Right Valiant Lord, Bernard Stuart . . . . .	117
To Perenna, a Mistresse . . . . .	118
Great Boast, small Rost . . . . .	118
Upon a Bleare-ey'd Woman . . . . .	119
The Fairie Temple: or, Oberon's Chappell. Dedicated to Mr. John Merrifield, Counsellor at Law . . . . .	119
The Temple . . . . .	119
To Mistresse Katherine Bradshaw, the lovely, that crowned him with Laurel . . . . .	124
The Plaudite, or End of Life . . . . .	124
To the most vertuous Mistresse Pot, who many times entertained him . . . . .	125
To Musique, to becalme his Fever . . . . .	125
Upon a Gentlewoman with a sweet Voice . . . . .	127
Upon Cupid . . . . .	127
Upon Julia's Breasts . . . . .	127
Best to be merry . . . . .	127
The Changes. To Corinna . . . . .	128
No Lock against Letcherie . . . . .	128
Neglect . . . . .	129
Upon himfelfe . . . . .	129
Upon a Physitian . . . . .	129
Upon Sudds, a Laundresse . . . . .	129
To the Rose. Song . . . . .	130
Upon Guesse. Epig. . . . .	130
To his Booke . . . . .	130
Upon a painted Gentlewoman . . . . .	131
Upon a crooked Maid . . . . .	131
Draw Gloves . . . . .	131
To Musick, to becalme a sweet-sick-youth . . . . .	131

# CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

291

	Page
To the High and Noble Prince, George, Duke, Marquesse, and Earle of Buckingham .	132
His Recantation . . . . .	132
The Comming of good luck . . . . .	133
The Present : or, The Bag of the Bee . . .	133
On Love . . . . .	133
The Hock-cart, or Harvest home: To the Right Honourable Mildmay, Earle of Westmorland . . . . .	134
The Perfume . . . . .	136
Upon her Voice . . . . .	136
Not to Love . . . . .	136
To Musick. A Song . . . . .	137
To the Western Wind . . . . .	137
Upon the Death of his Sparrow. An Elegie .	137
To Primroses fill'd with morning-dew . .	138
How Roses came red . . . . .	139
Comfort to a Lady upon the Death of her Husband . . . . .	140
How Violets came blew . . . . .	140
Upon Groynes. Epig. . . . .	141
To the Willow-tree . . . . .	141
Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler, under the name of the Lost Sheperdesse . . . . .	142
To the King . . . . .	142
To the Queene . . . . .	143
The Poet's good Wishees for the most hopefull and handsome Prince, the Duke of Yorke . . . . .	143
To Anthea, who may command him any thing	144
Prevision, or Provision . . . . .	145
Obedience in Subjects . . . . .	145
More potent, lesse peccant . . . . .	145
Upon a Maid that dyed the day she was mar- ryed . . . . .	146
Upon Pink an ill-fac'd Painter. Epig. .	146

292 *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*

	Page
Upon Brock. Epig. . . . .	146
To Meddowes . . . . .	146
Crosses . . . . .	147
Miseries . . . . .	147
Laugh and lie downe . . . . .	148
To his Household-gods . . . . .	148
To the Nightingale, and Robin Red-brest . . . . .	148
To the Yew and Cypresse to grace his Funerall . . . . .	148
I call and I call . . . . .	149
On a perfum'd Lady . . . . .	149
A Nuptiall Song, or Epithalamie, on Sir Clipseby Crew and his Lady . . . . .	149
The filken Snake . . . . .	155
Upon himselfe . . . . .	156
Upon Love . . . . .	156
Reverence to Riches . . . . .	157
Devotion makes the Deity . . . . .	157
To all young Men that love . . . . .	157
The Eyes . . . . .	157
No Fault in Women . . . . .	158
Upon Shark. Epig. . . . .	158
Oberon's Feast . . . . .	159
Event of Things not in our Power . . . . .	161
Upon her Blush . . . . .	161
Merits make the Man . . . . .	161
To Virgins . . . . .	161
Vertue . . . . .	162
The Bell-man . . . . .	162
Bashfulnesse . . . . .	162
To the most accomplit Gentleman, Master Edward Norgate, Clark of the Signet to His Majesty. Epig. . . . .	162
Upon Prudence Baldwin her Sicknesse . . . . .	163
To Apollo. A short Hymne . . . . .	163
A Hymne to Bacchus . . . . .	163
Upon Bungie . . . . .	164

# CONTENTS OF VOL. I. 293

	Page
On Himfelfe . . . . .	164
Cafualties . . . . .	164
Bribes and Gifts get all . . . . .	165
The End . . . . .	165
Upon a Child that dyed . . . . .	165
Upon Sneape. Epig. . . . .	165
Content, not Cates . . . . .	165
The Entertainment: or, Porch-verfe, at the Marriage of Mr. Hen. Northly, and the moft witty Mrs. Lettice Yard . . . . .	166
The Good-night or Bleffing . . . . .	166
Upon Leech . . . . .	167
To Daffadills . . . . .	167
To a Maid . . . . .	168
Upon a Lady that dyed in child-bed, and left a Daughter behind her . . . . .	168
A New-yeares Gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward Mattens, or Morning Prayer . . . . .	170
Evensong . . . . .	171
The Braclet to Julia . . . . .	171
The Chriftian Militant . . . . .	171
A fhort Hymne to Larr . . . . .	172
Another to Neptune . . . . .	172
Upon Greedy. Epig. . . . .	173
His Embalming to Julia . . . . .	173
Gold, before Goodneffe . . . . .	173
The Kiffe. A Dialogue . . . . .	173
The Admonition . . . . .	174
To his honoured Kinfman Sir William Soame. Epig. . . . .	175
On Himfelfe . . . . .	175
To Larr . . . . .	176
The Departure of the good Dæmon . . . . .	176
Clemency . . . . .	176
His Age, dedicated to his peculiar friend, M. John Wickes, under the Name of Pof- thumus . . . . .	176

	Page
A short Hymne to Venus . . . . .	182
To a Gentlewoman on just dealing . . . .	182
The Hand and Tongue . . . . .	182
Upon a delaying Lady . . . . .	183
To the Lady Mary Villars, Governesse to the Princesse Henretta . . . . .	183
Upon his Julia . . . . .	184
To Flowers . . . . .	184
To my ill Reader . . . . .	184
The Power in the People . . . . .	185
A Hymne to Venus, and Cupid . . . . .	185
On Julia's Picture . . . . .	185
Her Bed . . . . .	185
Her Legs . . . . .	186
Upon her Almes . . . . .	186
Rewards . . . . .	186
Nothing new . . . . .	186
The Rainbow . . . . .	186
The meddow Verse or Aniversary to Mistris Bridget Lowman . . . . .	187
The Parting Verse, the Feast there ended . .	187
Upon Judith. Epig. . . . .	188
Long and lazie . . . . .	188
Upon Ralph. Epig. . . . .	188
To the right honourable, Philip, Earle of Pem- broke, and Montgomerie . . . . .	188
An Hymne to Juno . . . . .	189
Upon Meafe. Epig. . . . .	189
Upon Sapho, sweetly playing, and sweetly sing- ing . . . . .	189
Upon Paske a Draper . . . . .	190
Chop-Cherry . . . . .	190
To the most learned, wife, and Arch-Anti- quary, M. John Selden . . . . .	190
Upon himself . . . . .	191
Upon wrinkles . . . . .	191

# CONTENTS OF VOL. I. 295

	Page
Upon Prigg . . . . .	191
Upon Moon . . . . .	191
Pray and prosper . . . . .	192
His Lacrime or Mirth, turn'd to Mourning .	192
Upon Shift . . . . .	193
Upon Cuts . . . . .	193
Gain and Gettings . . . . .	193
To the most fair and lovely Mistris, Anne Soame, now Lady Abdie . . . . .	193
Upon his kinswoman Mistris Elizabeth Herrick	194
A Panegerick to Sir Lewis Pemberton . .	195
To his Valentine, on S. Valentine's day .	200
Upon Doll. Epig. . . . .	200
Upon Skrew. Epig. . . . .	200
Upon Linnit. Epig. . . . .	200
Upon M. Ben. Johnson. Epig. . . . .	200
Another . . . . .	201
To his Nephew, to be prosperous in his art of Painting . . . . .	201
Upon Glasse. Epig. . . . .	202
A Vow to Mars . . . . .	202
To his maid Prew . . . . .	202
A Canticle to Apollo . . . . .	203
A just Man . . . . .	203
Upon a hoarse Singer . . . . .	203
How Pansies or Hearts-ease came first .	203
To his peculiar Friend Sir Edward Fish, Knight Baronet . . . . .	204
Larr's Portion, and the Poet's Part . . .	204
Upon Man . . . . .	204
Liberty . . . . .	205
Lots to be liked . . . . .	205
Griefes . . . . .	205
Upon Eeles. Epig. . . . .	205
The Dreame . . . . .	205
Upon Raspe .Epig. . . . .	206

296      *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*

	Page
Upon Center a Spectacle-maker with a flat Nose	206
Clothes do but cheat and coufen us . . . . .	206
To Dianeme . . . . .	207
Upon Electra . . . . .	207
To his Booke . . . . .	207
Of Love . . . . .	208
Upon himself . . . . .	208
Another . . . . .	208
Upon Skinns. Epig. . . . .	209
Upon Pievish. Epig. . . . .	209
Upon Jolly and Jilly. Epig. . . . .	209
The mad Maids song . . . . .	209
To Springs and Fountains . . . . .	210
Upon Julia's unlacing her self . . . . .	211
To Bacchus, a Canticle . . . . .	211
The Lawne . . . . .	211
The Frankincense . . . . .	212
Upon Patrick a footman, Epig. . . . .	212
Upon Bridget. Epig. . . . .	212
To Sycamores . . . . .	212
A Pastorall fung to the King . . . . .	213
The Poet loves a Miftresse, but not to marry . . . . .	214
Upon Flimsy. Epig. . . . .	215
Upon Shewbread. Epig. . . . .	215
The Willow Garland . . . . .	216
A Hymne to Clipseby Crew . . . . .	216
Upon Roots. Epig. . . . .	216
Upon Crow . . . . .	217
Observation . . . . .	218
Empires . . . . .	218
Felicity, quick of flight . . . . .	218
Putrefaction . . . . .	218
Paffion . . . . .	218
Jack and Jill . . . . .	218
Upon Parfon Beanes . . . . .	219
The Crowd and Company . . . . .	219

# CONTENTS OF VOL. I. 297

	Page
Short and long both likes . . . .	219
Pollicie in Princes . . . .	219
Upon Rook, Epig. . . .	219
Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breaſt . . .	219
To Daiſies, not to ſhut ſo ſoone . . .	220
To the little Spinners . . . .	220
Oberon's Palace . . . .	221
To his peculiar Friend Maſter Thomas Shap- cott, Lawyer . . . .	225
To Julia in the Temple . . . .	226
To Oenone . . . .	226
His Weakneſſe in Woes . . . .	226
Fame makes us forward . . . .	227
To Groves . . . .	227
An Epitaph upon a Virgin . . . .	228
To the right gracious Prince, Lodwick, Duke of Richmond and Lennox . . . .	228
To Jealouſie . . . .	229
To live Freely . . . .	229
Upon Sponge. Epig. . . .	230
His Almes . . . .	230
Upon Himſelf . . . .	230
To enjoy the Time . . . .	231
Upon Love . . . .	231
To the right Honourable Mildmay, Earle of Weſtmorland . . . .	232
The Plunder . . . .	232
Littleneſſe no Cauſe of Leanneſſe . . .	232
Upon One who ſaid ſhe was alwayes young .	233
Upon Huncks. Epig. . . .	233
The Jimmall Ring, or True-love-knot . .	233
The parting Verſe, or Charge to his ſuppoſed Wife when he travelled . . . .	233
To his Kinſman, Sir Tho. Soame . . .	236
To Bloſſoms . . . .	237
Man's Dying-place uncertain . . . .	237



298 *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*

	Page
Nothing Free-coſt . . . . .	238
Few fortunate . . . . .	238
To Perenna . . . . .	238
To the Ladyes . . . . .	238
The old Wives Prayer . . . . .	238
Upon a cheap Laundreſſe. Epig. . . . .	239
Upon his departure hence . . . . .	239
The Waſſaile . . . . .	240
Upon a Lady faire, but fruitleſſe . . . . .	241
How Springs came firſt . . . . .	241
To Roſemary and Baies . . . . .	242
Upon Skurſſe . . . . .	242
Upon a Scarre in a Virgin's Face . . . . .	242
Upon his Eye-fight failing him . . . . .	242
To his worthy Friend, M. Tho. Falconbirge . . . . .	242
Upon Julia's Haire fill'd with Dew . . . . .	243
Another on her . . . . .	243
Loſſe from the leaſt . . . . .	244
Rewards and Punishments . . . . .	244
Shame, no Statiſt . . . . .	244
To Sir Clifebie Crew . . . . .	244
Upon Himſelfe . . . . .	245
Freſh Cheeſe and Cream . . . . .	245
An Eclogue, or Paſtorall between Endimion Porter and Lycidas Herrick, ſet and ſung . . . . .	246
To a Bed of Tulips . . . . .	247
A Caution . . . . .	248
To the Water Nymphs, drinking at the Foun- tain . . . . .	248
To his Honoured Kinfman, Sir Richard Stone . . . . .	249
Upon a Flie . . . . .	249
Upon Jack and Jill. Epig. . . . .	250
To Julia . . . . .	250
To Miſtreſſe Dorothy Parſons . . . . .	250
Upon Parrat . . . . .	251

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.* 299

	Page
How he would drinke his Wine . . . .	251
How Marigolds came yellow . . . .	251
The broken Christall . . . .	251
Precepts . . . .	252
To the right Honourable Edward Earle of Dorset . . . .	252
Upon Himself . . . .	252
Hope well and Have well : or, Faire after Foule weather . . . .	253
Upon Love . . . .	253
To his Kinfwoman, Mrs. Penelope Wheeler .	253
Another upon her . . . .	254
Kissing and Buffing . . . .	254
Crosse and Pile . . . .	254
To the Lady Crew, upon the Death of her Child . . . .	254
His Winding-sheet . . . .	255
To Miftresse Mary Willand . . . .	256
Change gives Content . . . .	257
Upon Magot a Frequenter of Ordinaries .	257
On Himselfe . . . .	257
Fortune favours . . . .	257
To Phillis to love, and live with him . .	258
To his Kinfwoman, Miftresse Sufanna Herrick	260
Upon Miftresse Sufanna Southwell her Cheeks	260
Upon her Eyes . . . .	260
Upon her Feet . . . .	260
To his honoured Friend, Sir John Mince .	261
Upon his gray Haires . . . .	261
Accufation . . . .	261
Pride allowable in Poets . . . .	261
A Vow to Minerva . . . .	262
On Jone . . . .	262
Upon Letcher. Epig. . . .	262
Upon Dundridge . . . .	262
To Electra . . . .	262

300 *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*

	Page
Discord not disadvantageous . . . . .	263
Ill Government . . . . .	263
To Marygolds . . . . .	263
To Dianeme . . . . .	264
To Julia, the Flaminica Dialis, or Queen-Priest	264
Anacreontike . . . . .	265
Meat without Mirth . . . . .	265
Large Bounds doe but bury us . . . . .	265
Upon Ursley . . . . .	266
An Ode to Sir Clipsebie Crew . . . . .	266
To his worthy Kinsman, Mr. Stephen Soame	267
To his Tomb-maker . . . . .	268
Great Spirits supervive . . . . .	268
None free from fault . . . . .	268
Upon Himselfe being buried . . . . .	268
Pitie to the prostrate . . . . .	268
Way in a Crowd . . . . .	269
His Content in the Country . . . . .	269
The Credit of the Conquerer . . . . .	270
On Himselfe . . . . .	270
Upon one-ey'd Broomsted. Epig. . . . .	270
The Fairies . . . . .	270
To his honoured Friend, M. John Weare,	
Councillour . . . . .	271
The Watch . . . . .	272
Lines have their Linings, and Bookes their	
Buckram . . . . .	272
Art above Nature, to Julia . . . . .	272
Upon Sibilla . . . . .	273
Upon his Kinfwoman Mistresse Bridget Her-	
rick . . . . .	273
Upon Love . . . . .	274
Upon a comely, and curious Maide . . . . .	274
Upon the Losse of his Finger . . . . .	274
Upon Irene . . . . .	275
Upon Electra's Teares . . . . .	275

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. I.*      301

	Page
Upon Tooly . . . . .	275
A Hymne to the Graces . . . . .	275
To Silvia . . . . .	276
Upon Blanch. Epig. . . . .	276
Upon Umber. Epig. . . . .	277
The Poet hath loft his Pipe . . . . .	277
True Friendship . . . . .	277
The Apparition of his Miftresse calling him to Elizium . . . . .	277
Life is the Bodies Light . . . . .	280
Upon Urles. Epig. . . . .	280
Upon Franck . . . . .	280
Love lightly pleased . . . . .	281
The Primrofe . . . . .	281
The Tythe. To the Bride . . . . .	282
A Frolick . . . . .	282
Change common to all . . . . .	282
To Julia . . . . .	282
No Luck in Love . . . . .	283
In the Darke none dainty . . . . .	283
A Charme, or an Allay for Love . . . . .	284
Upon a free Maid, with a foule Breath . . . . .	284
Upon Coone. Epig. . . . .	284
To his Brother in Law Master John Wingfield . . . . .	284
The Head-ake . . . . .	285
On Himfelfe . . . . .	285
Upon a Maide . . . . .	285
Upon Spalt . . . . .	286
Of Horne, a Comb-Maker . . . . .	286
Upon the troublefome Times . . . . .	286
Cruelty bafe in Commanders . . . . .	287
Upon a fowre-breath Lady. Epig. . . . .	287
Upon Lucia . . . . .	287
Little and loud . . . . .	287
Ship-wrack . . . . .	287
Paines without Profit. . . . .	288

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

## VOLUME SECOND.

### HESPERIDES.

	Page
To his Booke . . . . .	1
His Prayer to Ben. Johnson . . . . .	1
Poverty and Riches . . . . .	2
Again . . . . .	2
The Covetous still Captives . . . . .	2
Lawes . . . . .	2
Of Love . . . . .	2
Upon Cock . . . . .	3
To his Muse . . . . .	3
The bad Season makes the Poet sad . . . . .	3
To Vulcan . . . . .	4
Like Pattern, like People . . . . .	4
Purposes . . . . .	4
To the Maids to walke abroad . . . . .	4
His own Epitaph . . . . .	6
A Nuptiall Verse to Mistrisse Elizabeth Lee, now Lady Tracie . . . . .	6
The Night-piece, to Julia . . . . .	7
To Sir Clipseby Crew . . . . .	8
Good Luck not lasting . . . . .	8
A Kisse . . . . .	8
Glorie . . . . .	8
Poets . . . . .	9
No Despight to the Dead . . . . .	9
To his Verses . . . . .	9
His Charge to Julia at his Death . . . . .	10

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*      303

	Page
Upon Love . . . . .	10
The Coblers Catch . . . . .	10
Upon Bran. Epig. . . . .	11
Upon Snare, an Usurer . . . . .	11
Upon Grudgings . . . . .	11
Connubii Flores, or the well-wishes at Weddings	11
To his lovely Mistresses . . . . .	15
Upon Love . . . . .	15
Upon Gander. Epig. . . . .	16
Upon Lungs. Epig. . . . .	16
The Beggar to Mab, the Fairie Queen . . . . .	16
An End decreed . . . . .	17
Upon a Child . . . . .	18
Painting sometimes permitted . . . . .	18
Farwell Frost, or welcome Spring . . . . .	18
The Hag . . . . .	19
Upon an old Man a Residenciariæ . . . . .	20
Upon Teares . . . . .	20
Phyfitians . . . . .	20
The Primitiæ to Parents . . . . .	21
Upon Cob. Epig. . . . .	21
Upon Lucie. Epig. . . . .	21
Upon Skoles. Epig. . . . .	21
To Silvia . . . . .	21
To his Closet-Gods . . . . .	22
A Bacchanalian Verse . . . . .	22
Long lookt for comes at last . . . . .	23
To Youth . . . . .	23
Never too late to dye . . . . .	23
A Hymne to the Muses . . . . .	23
On Himselfe . . . . .	24
Upon Jone and Jane . . . . .	24
To Momus . . . . .	24
Ambition . . . . .	25
The Country Life, to the honoured M. End.	
Porter, Groome of the Bed-Chamber to	
His Maj. . . . .	25

# 304 CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
To Electra . . . . .	28
To his worthy Friend, M. Arthur Bartly . . . . .	28
What kind of Mistress he would have . . . . .	28
Upon Zelot . . . . .	29
The Rosemarie Branch . . . . .	29
Upon Madam Urfly, Epig. . . . .	29
Upon Crab, Epigr. . . . .	30
A Paranæticall, or Advifive Verfe, to his Friend M. John Wicks . . . . .	30
Once feen, and no more . . . . .	31
Love . . . . .	31
To M. Denham, on his Prospective Poem . . . . .	32
A Hymne, to the Lares . . . . .	32
Deniall in Women no difheartning to Men . . . . .	33
Adverfity . . . . .	33
To Fortune . . . . .	33
To Anthea . . . . .	34
Cruelties . . . . .	34
Perfeverance . . . . .	34
Upon his Verfes . . . . .	34
Distance betters Dignities . . . . .	35
Health . . . . .	35
To Dianeme. A Ceremonie in Glocefter . . . . .	35
To the King . . . . .	35
The Funerall Rites of the Rose . . . . .	36
The Rainbow: or curious Covenant . . . . .	36
The laft Stroke ftrike fure . . . . .	37
Fortune . . . . .	37
Stool-ball . . . . .	37
To Sappho . . . . .	38
On Poet Prat, Epigr. . . . .	38
Upon Tuck, Epigr. . . . .	38
Biting of Beggars . . . . .	38
The May-pole . . . . .	38
Men mind no State in Sickneffe . . . . .	39
Adverfity . . . . .	39

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*    305

	Page
Want . . . . .	40
Griefe . . . . .	40
Love palpable . . . . .	40
No Action hard to Affection . . . . .	40
Meane Things overcome mighty . . . . .	40
Upon Trigg, Epig. . . . .	40
Upon Smeaton . . . . .	41
The Bracelet of Pearle: to Silvia . . . . .	41
How Rosés came red . . . . .	41
Kings . . . . .	41
Firft Work, and then Wages . . . . .	42
Teares, and Laughter . . . . .	42
Glory . . . . .	42
Poffeffions . . . . .	42
Laxare fibulam . . . . .	42
His returne to London . . . . .	42
Not every Day fit for Verfe . . . . .	43
Poverty the greatest pack . . . . .	44
A Beucolick, or Discourse of Neatherds . . . . .	44
True safety . . . . .	46
A Prognostick . . . . .	46
Upon Julia's Sweat . . . . .	46
Proof to no purpose . . . . .	47
Fame . . . . .	47
By Use comes Eafineffe . . . . .	47
To the Genius of his House . . . . .	48
His Grange, or private Wealth . . . . .	48
Good Precepts, or Counsell . . . . .	50
Money makes the Mirth . . . . .	50
Up Tailles all . . . . .	50
Upon Franck . . . . .	51
Upon Lucia dabled in the Deaw . . . . .	51
Charon and Phylomel, a Dialogue fung . . . . .	51
Upon Paul. Epigr. . . . .	53
Upon Sibb. Epigr. . . . .	53



# 306    *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*

	Page
A Ternarie of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jellie sent to a Lady . . . . .	53
Upon the Roses in Julia's Bosome . . . . .	54
Maid's Nay's are nothing . . . . .	54
The Smell of the Sacrifice . . . . .	54
Lovers how they come and part . . . . .	55
To Women, to hide their Teeth, if they be rotten or rusty . . . . .	55
In Praise of Women . . . . .	55
The Apron of Flowers . . . . .	56
The Candor of Julia's Teeth . . . . .	56
Upon her weeping . . . . .	56
Another upon her weeping . . . . .	57
Delay . . . . .	57
To Sir John Berkley, Governour of Exeter . . . . .	57
To Eleſtra. Love looks for Love . . . . .	58
Regreſſion ſpoiles Reſolution . . . . .	58
Contention . . . . .	58
Conſultation . . . . .	59
Love diſlikes nothing . . . . .	59
Our own Sinnes unſeen . . . . .	60
No Paines, no Gains . . . . .	60
Upon Slouch . . . . .	60
Vertue beſt united . . . . .	60
The eye . . . . .	60
To Prince Charles upon his coming to Exeter . . . . .	61
A Song . . . . .	61
Princes and Favourites . . . . .	62
Examples, or like Prince, like People . . . . .	62
Potentates . . . . .	62
The Wake . . . . .	62
The Peter-penny . . . . .	63
To Doctör Alablaſter . . . . .	64
Upon his Kinswoman Mrs. M. S. . . . .	65
Felicities knowes no Fence . . . . .	65
Death ends all Woe . . . . .	66

CONTENTS OF VOL. II. 307

	Page
A Conjuraton, to Electra . . . . .	66
Courage cool'd . . . . .	67
The Spell . . . . .	67
His Wifh to Privacie . . . . .	67
A good Husband . . . . .	68
A Hymne to Bacchus . . . . .	68
Upon Puffe and her Prentice. Epig. . . . .	69
Blame the reward of Princes . . . . .	69
Clemency in Kings . . . . .	69
Anger . . . . .	70
A Pſalme or Hymne to the Graces . . . . .	70
An Hymne to the Muſes . . . . .	70
Upon Julia's Clothes . . . . .	71
Moderation . . . . .	71
To Anthea . . . . .	71
Upon Prew his Maid . . . . .	72
The Invitation . . . . .	72
Ceremonies for Chriſtmaffe . . . . .	73
Chriſtmaffe-Eve, another Ceremonie . . . . .	74
Another to the Maids . . . . .	74
Another . . . . .	74
Power and Peace . . . . .	75
To his deare Valentine, Miſtreſſe Margaret Fal- conbrige . . . . .	75
To Oenone . . . . .	75
Verſes . . . . .	75
Happineſſe . . . . .	76
Things of Choice, long a comming . . . . .	76
Poetry perpetuates the Poet . . . . .	76
Upon Bice . . . . .	76
Upon Trencherman . . . . .	76
Kiſſes . . . . .	77
Orpheus . . . . .	77
Upon Comely a good Speaker but an ill Singer, Epig. . . . .	77
Any Way for Wealth . . . . .	78

# 308 CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
Upon an old Woman . . . . .	78
Upon Peach. Epig. . . . .	78
To Sapho . . . . .	78
To his faithfull Friend, Master John Crofts, Cup-bearer to the King . . . . .	79
The Bride-Cake . . . . .	79
To be merry . . . . .	80
Buriall . . . . .	80
Lenitie . . . . .	80
Penitence . . . . .	80
Griefe . . . . .	80
The Maiden-blush . . . . .	81
The Meane . . . . .	81
Haste hurtfull . . . . .	81
Purgatory . . . . .	81
The Cloud . . . . .	82
Upon Loach . . . . .	82
The Amber Bead . . . . .	82
To my dearest Sifter M. Mercie Herrick . . . . .	82
The Transfiguration . . . . .	83
Suffer that thou canst not shift . . . . .	83
To the Passenger . . . . .	84
Upon Nodes . . . . .	84
To the King, upon his taking of Leicester . . . . .	84
To Julia, in her Dawn, or Day-breake . . . . .	85
Counsell . . . . .	85
Bad Princes pill their People . . . . .	85
Most Words, lesse Workes . . . . .	86
To Dianeme . . . . .	86
Upon Tap . . . . .	87
His Loffe . . . . .	87
Draw, and Drinke . . . . .	87
Upon Punchin. Epig. . . . .	87
To Oenone . . . . .	87
Upon Blinks. Epig. . . . .	88
Upon Adam Peapes. Epig. . . . .	88

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*      309

	Page
To Electra . . . . .	88
To Mistresse Amie Potter . . . . .	89
Upon a Maide . . . . .	89
Upon Love . . . . .	90
Beauty . . . . .	90
Upon Love . . . . .	90
Upon Hanch, a Schoolmaster. Epig. . . . .	90
Upon Peafon. Epig. . . . .	90
To his Booke . . . . .	91
Readineffe . . . . .	91
Writing . . . . .	91
Society . . . . .	91
Upon a Maid . . . . .	92
Satisfaction for Sufferings . . . . .	92
The delaying Bride . . . . .	92
To M. Henry Lawes, the excellent Compofer of his Lyricks . . . . .	93
Age unfit for Love . . . . .	93
The Bed-man, or Grave-maker . . . . .	93
To Anthea . . . . .	94
Need . . . . .	94
To Julia . . . . .	94
On Julia's Lips . . . . .	94
Twilight . . . . .	94
To his Friend, Master J. Jincks . . . . .	95
On Himselfe . . . . .	95
Kings and Tyrants . . . . .	95
Croffes . . . . .	95
Upon Love . . . . .	96
No Difference i' th' Dark . . . . .	96
The Body . . . . .	97
To Sapho . . . . .	97
Out of Time, out of Tune . . . . .	97
To his Booke . . . . .	97
To his honour'd Friend, Sir Thomas Heale . . . . .	98
The Sacrifice, by way of Discourfe betwixt Himselfe and Julia . . . . .	98

# 310 CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
To Apollo . . . . .	99
On Love . . . . .	99
Another . . . . .	99
An Hymne to Cupid . . . . .	99
To Electra . . . . .	100
How his soule came enfnared . . . . .	100
Factions . . . . .	101
Kisses Loathsome . . . . .	101
Upon Reape . . . . .	101
Upon Teage . . . . .	101
Upon Julia's Haire, bundled up in a golden net	102
Upon Truggin . . . . .	102
The Showre of Blossomes . . . . .	102
Upon Spenke . . . . .	103
A Defence for Women . . . . .	103
Upon Lulls . . . . .	104
Slavery . . . . .	104
Charmes . . . . .	104
Another . . . . .	104
Another to bring in the Witch . . . . .	104
Another Charme for Stables . . . . .	105
Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve . . . . .	105
The Ceremonies for Candlemasse day . . . . .	106
Upon Candlemasse Day . . . . .	106
Surfeits . . . . .	107
Upon Nis . . . . .	107
To Biancha, to blesse him . . . . .	107
Julia's Churching, or Purification . . . . .	107
To his Book . . . . .	108
Teares . . . . .	109
To his Friend to avoid contention of words . . . . .	109
Truth . . . . .	109
Upon Prickles. Epig. . . . .	109
The Eyes before the Eares . . . . .	110
Want . . . . .	110
To a Friend . . . . .	110

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*      311

	Page
Upon M. William Lawes, the rare Musitian .	110
A Song upon Silvia . . . . .	111
The Hony-combe . . . . .	111
Vpon Ben. Johnson . . . . .	111
An Ode for him . . . . .	112
Upon a Virgin . . . . .	113
Blame . . . . .	113
A Request to the Graces . . . . .	113
Upon Himselfe. . . . .	114
Multitude . . . . .	114
Feare . . . . .	114
To M. Kellam . . . . .	114
Happinesse to Hofpitalitie, or a hearty wish to good Houfe-keeping . . . . .	115
Cunctation in Correction . . . . .	116
Present Government grievous . . . . .	116
Rest Refreshes . . . . .	116
Revenge . . . . .	116
The First marrs or makes . . . . .	117
Beginning, difficult . . . . .	117
Faith four-square . . . . .	117
The Present Time best pleaseth . . . . .	117
Cloathes, are Conspirators . . . . .	117
Cruelty . . . . .	118
Faire after Foule . . . . .	118
Hunger . . . . .	118
Bad Wages for Good Service . . . . .	118
The End . . . . .	118
The Bondman . . . . .	119
Choofe for the best . . . . .	119
To Silvia . . . . .	119
Faire Shewes deceive . . . . .	119
His Wish . . . . .	120
Upon Julia's washing her self in the river .	120
A Meane in our Meanes . . . . .	120
Upon Clunn . . . . .	121

# 312      *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*

	Page
Upon Cupid . . . . .	121
Upon Blisse . . . . .	122
Upon Burr . . . . .	122
Upon Megg . . . . .	122
An Hymne to Love . . . . .	122
To his honoured and most Ingenious Friend Mr. Charles Cotton . . . . .	123
Women uselesse . . . . .	124
Love is a Sirrup . . . . .	124
Leven . . . . .	125
Repletion . . . . .	125
On Himselfe . . . . .	125
No Man without Money . . . . .	125
On Himselfe . . . . .	125
To M. Leonard Willan his peculiar Friend . . . . .	126
To his worthy Friend M. John Hall, Student of Grayes-Inne . . . . .	126
To Julia . . . . .	127
To the most comely and proper M. Elizabeth Finch . . . . .	127
Upon Ralph . . . . .	128
To his Booke . . . . .	128
To the King, upon his Welcome to Hampton- Court. Set and Sung . . . . .	128
Ultimus Heroum: or, To the most learned, and to the right Honourable, Henry, Marquesse of Dorchester . . . . .	129
To his Muse, another to the same . . . . .	130
Upon Vineger . . . . .	130
Upon Mudge . . . . .	130
To his learned friend M. Jo. Harmar, Phifi- tian to the Colledge of Westminster . . . . .	130
Upon his Spaniell Tracie . . . . .	131
The Deluge . . . . .	131
Upon Lupes . . . . .	132
Raggs . . . . .	132

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*      313

	Page
Strength to support Sovereignty . . . . .	132
Upon Tubbs . . . . .	132
Crutches . . . . .	132
To Julia . . . . .	133
Upon Cafe . . . . .	133
To Perenna . . . . .	134
To his Sister in Law, M. Sufanna Herrick . . . . .	134
Upon the Lady Crew . . . . .	134
On Tomafin Parfons . . . . .	135
Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve . . . . .	135
Suspicion makes secure . . . . .	135
Upon Spokes . . . . .	135
To his Kinfman, M. Tho. Herrick, who de- fired to be in his Book . . . . .	136
A Bucolick betwixt Two : Lacon and Thyrfis . . . . .	136
Upon Sapho . . . . .	138
Upon Faunus . . . . .	138
The Quintell . . . . .	138
A Bachanalian Verfe . . . . .	138
Care a good keeper . . . . .	139
Rules for our Reach . . . . .	139
To Biancha . . . . .	139
To the handsome Miftrefse Grace Potter . . . . .	140
Anacreontike . . . . .	140
More modeft, more manly . . . . .	141
Not to covet much where little is the charge . . . . .	141
Anacreontick Verfe . . . . .	141
Upon Pennie . . . . .	142
Patience in Princes . . . . .	142
Feare gets Force . . . . .	142
Parcell-gil't Poetry . . . . .	142
Upon Love, by way of question and answer . . . . .	143
To the Lord Hopton, on his fight in Cornwall . . . . .	143
His Grange . . . . .	144
Leprosie in Houfes . . . . .	144
Good Manners at Meat . . . . .	144



314 *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*

	Page
Anthea's Retraction . . . . .	145
Comforts in Croffes . . . . .	145
Seeke and finde . . . . .	145
Rest . . . . .	145
Leprosie in Cloathes . . . . .	145
Upon Buggins . . . . .	146
Great Maladies, long Medicines . . . . .	146
His Answer to a Friend . . . . .	146
The Begger . . . . .	146
Bastards . . . . .	147
His Change . . . . .	147
The Vision . . . . .	147
A Vow to Venus . . . . .	148
On his Booke . . . . .	148
A Sonnet of Perilla . . . . .	148
Bad may be better . . . . .	149
Posting to Printing . . . . .	149
Rapine brings Ruine . . . . .	149
Comfort to a Youth that had lost his Love . . . . .	149
Upon Boreman. Epig. . . . .	150
Saint Distaff's Day, or the Morrow after Twelfth Day . . . . .	150
Sufferance . . . . .	151
His Teares to Thamas . . . . .	151
Pardons . . . . .	152
Peace not Permanent . . . . .	152
Truth and Errour . . . . .	153
Things mortall still mutable . . . . .	153
Studies to be supported . . . . .	153
Wit punisht, prospers most . . . . .	153
Twelve Night, or King and Queene . . . . .	153
His Desire . . . . .	155
Caution in Councell . . . . .	155
Moderation . . . . .	155
Advice the best Actor . . . . .	155
Conformity is comely . . . . .	155

# CONTENTS OF VOL. II. 315

	Page
Lawes . . . . .	156
The Meane . . . . .	156
Like loves his Like . . . . .	156
His Hope or Sheat-Anchor . . . . .	156
Comfort in Calamity . . . . .	156
Twilight . . . . .	157
False Mourning . . . . .	157
The Will makes the Work, or Consent makes the Cure . . . . .	157
Diet . . . . .	157
Smart . . . . .	157
The Tinkers Song . . . . .	158
His Comfort . . . . .	158
Sincerity . . . . .	159
To Anthea . . . . .	159
Nor Buying or Selling . . . . .	159
To his peculiar Friend M. Jo: Wicks . . . . .	159
The more mighty, the more mercifull . . . . .	160
After Autumne, Winter . . . . .	160
A good death . . . . .	160
Recompence . . . . .	160
On Fortune . . . . .	161
To Sir George Parrie, Doctor of the Civill Law	161
Charmes . . . . .	161
Another . . . . .	162
Another . . . . .	162
Upon Gorgonius . . . . .	162
Gentleness . . . . .	163
A Dialogue betwixt Himselfe and Miftresse Eliza: Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis . . . . .	163
To Julia . . . . .	164
To Roses in Julia's Bosome . . . . .	164
To the Honoured, Master Endimion Porter . . . . .	165
Speake in season . . . . .	165
Obedience . . . . .	165

# 316 *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*

	Page
Another on the same . . . . .	165
Of Love . . . . .	165
Upon Trap . . . . .	166
Upon Grubs . . . . .	166
Upon Dol . . . . .	166
Upon Hog . . . . .	167
The School or Perl of Putney, the Miftrefs of all fingular Manners, Miftrefse Portman	167
To Perenna . . . . .	168
On Himfelfe . . . . .	168
On Love . . . . .	168
Another on Love . . . . .	168
Upon Gut . . . . .	169
Upon Chub . . . . .	169
Pleasures Pernicious . . . . .	169
On Himfelf . . . . .	169
To M. Laurence Swetnaham . . . . .	170
His Covenant or Proteftation to Julia . . . . .	170
On Himfelfe . . . . .	171
To the moft accomplifht Gentleman Mafter Michael Oulſworth . . . . .	171
To his Girles who would have him ſportfull . . . . .	171
Truth and Falſehood . . . . .	172
His laſt Request to Julia . . . . .	172
On Himfelfe . . . . .	172
Upon Kings . . . . .	173
To his Girles . . . . .	173
Upon Spur . . . . .	173
To his Brother Nicolas Herrick . . . . .	173
The Voice and Violl . . . . .	174
Warre . . . . .	174
A King and no King . . . . .	175
Plots not ſtill prosperous . . . . .	175
Flatterie . . . . .	175
Upon Rumpe . . . . .	175
Upon Shopter . . . . .	175

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*    317

	Page
Upon Deb . . . . .	176
Excesse . . . . .	176
Upon Croot . . . . .	176
The Soul is the Salt . . . . .	176
Upon Flood, or a thankfull Man . . . . .	176
Upon Pimpe . . . . .	177
Upon Lufke . . . . .	177
Foolishnesse . . . . .	177
Upon Rush . . . . .	177
Abstinence . . . . .	177
No Danger to Men desperate . . . . .	178
Sauce for Sorrowes . . . . .	178
To Cupid . . . . .	178
Disrust . . . . .	178
The Hagg . . . . .	178
The Mount of the Muses . . . . .	179
On Himselfe . . . . .	179
To his Booke . . . . .	180
The End of his Worke . . . . .	180
To Crowne it . . . . .	180
On Himselfe . . . . .	180
The pillar of Fame . . . . .	181

## HIS NOBLE NUMBERS: OR, HIS PIOUS PIECES.

His Confession . . . . .	185
His Prayer for Absolution . . . . .	185
To finde God . . . . .	186
What God is . . . . .	186
Upon God . . . . .	187
Mercy and Love . . . . .	187
Gods Anger without Affection . . . . .	187

## 318    *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*

	Page
God not to be comprehended . . . . .	187
Gods part . . . . .	187
Affliction . . . . .	188
Three fatal Sifters . . . . .	188
Silence . . . . .	188
Mirth . . . . .	188
Loading and Unloading . . . . .	188
Gods Mercy . . . . .	189
Prayers must have Poise . . . . .	189
To God : an Anthem, sung in the Chappell at White-Hall, before the King . . . . .	189
Upon God . . . . .	190
Calling, and Correcting . . . . .	190
No Escaping the Scourging . . . . .	190
The Rod . . . . .	190
God has a twofold part . . . . .	190
God is One . . . . .	191
Persecutions profitable . . . . .	191
To God . . . . .	191
Whips . . . . .	192
Gods Providence . . . . .	192
Temptation . . . . .	192
His Ejaculation to God . . . . .	192
Gods Gifts not soone granted . . . . .	193
Persecutions purifie . . . . .	193
Pardon . . . . .	193
An Ode of the Birth of our Saviour . . . . .	193
Lip-labour . . . . .	195
The Heart . . . . .	195
Eare-rings . . . . .	195
Sin seen . . . . .	195
Upon Time . . . . .	195
His Petition . . . . .	196
To God . . . . .	196
His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit . . . . .	197
Thanksgiving . . . . .	199

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*      319

	Page
Cock-crow . . . . .	199
All things run well for the Righteous . . . . .	199
Paine ends in Pleasure . . . . .	199
To God . . . . .	200
A Thanksgiving to God, for his House . . . . .	200
To God . . . . .	202
Another, to God . . . . .	203
None truly happy here . . . . .	203
To his ever-loving God . . . . .	203
Another . . . . .	204
To Death . . . . .	204
Neutrality loathsome . . . . .	205
Welcome what comes . . . . .	205
To his angrie God . . . . .	205
Patience, or Comforts in Croffes . . . . .	206
Eternitie . . . . .	206
To his Saviour, a Child ; a Present, by a child . . . . .	207
The New-yeeres Gift . . . . .	208
To God . . . . .	208
God, and the King . . . . .	208
Gods Mirth, Mans Mourning . . . . .	208
Honours are hindrances . . . . .	209
The Parasceve, or Preparation . . . . .	209
To God . . . . .	209
A will to be working . . . . .	210
Christs Part . . . . .	210
Riches and Poverty . . . . .	210
Sobriety in Search . . . . .	210
Almes . . . . .	211
To his Conscience . . . . .	211
To his Saviour . . . . .	212
To God . . . . .	212
His Dreame . . . . .	212
Gods Bounty . . . . .	213
To his sweet Saviour . . . . .	213
His Creed . . . . .	213

320 *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*

	Page
Temptations . . . . .	214
The Lamp . . . . .	214
Sorrows . . . . .	214
Penitencie . . . . .	215
The Dirge of Jephthahs Daughter: fung by the Virgins . . . . .	215
To God, on his sicknesse . . . . .	218
Sins loath'd, and yet lov'd . . . . .	218
Sin . . . . .	218
Upon God . . . . .	219
Faith . . . . .	219
Humility . . . . .	219
Tears . . . . .	219
Sin and Strife . . . . .	219
An Ode, or Psalm, to God . . . . .	220
Graces for Children . . . . .	220
God to be first served . . . . .	221
Another Grace for a Child . . . . .	221
A Christmas Caroll, fung to the King in the Prefence at White-Hall . . . . .	221
The New-yeeres Gift, or Circumcisions Song, fung to the King in the Prefence at White-Hall . . . . .	223
Another New-yeeres Gift, or Song for the Cir- cumcision . . . . .	224
Gods Pardon . . . . .	226
Sin . . . . .	226
Evill . . . . .	226
The Star-Song: a Caroll to the King; fung at White-Hall . . . . .	226
To God . . . . .	227
To his deere God . . . . .	228
To God, his good Will . . . . .	229
On Heaven . . . . .	229
The Summe, and the Satisfaction . . . . .	230
Good Men afflicted most . . . . .	230

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*      321

	Page
Good Christians . . . . .	231
The Will the cause of Woe . . . . .	231
To Heaven . . . . .	231
The Recompence . . . . .	232
To God . . . . .	232
To God . . . . .	232
His Wish to God . . . . .	233
Satan . . . . .	233
Hell . . . . .	233
The Way . . . . .	234
Great Grief, great Glory . . . . .	234
Hell . . . . .	234
The Bell-man . . . . .	234
The Goodnesse of his God . . . . .	235
The Widdowes Teares: or, Dirge of Dorcas .	236
To God, in Time of Plundering . . . . .	239
To his Saviour, The New-years Gift . .	239
Doomes-Day . . . . .	240
The Poores Portion . . . . .	240
The White Island: or Place of the Blest .	240
To Christ . . . . .	241
To God . . . . .	242
Free Welcome . . . . .	242
God's Grace . . . . .	242
Coming to Christ . . . . .	242
Correction . . . . .	242
Gods Bounty . . . . .	243
Knowledge . . . . .	243
Salutation . . . . .	243
Lasciviousnesse . . . . .	243
Teares . . . . .	244
God's Blessing . . . . .	244
God, and Lord . . . . .	244
The Judgment-Day . . . . .	244
Angells . . . . .	245
Long life . . . . .	245



## 322 CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
Tears . . . . .	245
Manna . . . . .	245
Reverence . . . . .	245
Mercy . . . . .	246
Wages . . . . .	246
Temptation . . . . .	246
Gods Hands . . . . .	246
Labour . . . . .	246
Mora Sponsi, the Stay of the Bridegroom	247
Roaring . . . . .	247
The Eucharist . . . . .	247
Sin severely punished . . . . .	247
Montes Scripturarum, the Mounts of the Scriptures . . . . .	247
Prayer . . . . .	248
Christs Sadness . . . . .	248
God hears us . . . . .	248
God . . . . .	248
Clouds . . . . .	248
Comforts in Contentions . . . . .	249
Heaven . . . . .	249
God . . . . .	249
His Power . . . . .	249
Christs Words on the Crosse, My God, My God . . . . .	249
JEHOVAH . . . . .	250
Confusion of Face . . . . .	250
Another . . . . .	250
Beggars . . . . .	250
Good, and bad . . . . .	250
Sin . . . . .	251
Martha, Martha . . . . .	251
Youth, and Age . . . . .	251
Gods Power . . . . .	251
Paradise . . . . .	251
Observation . . . . .	252

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*      323

	Page
The Affe . . . . .	252
Obſervation . . . . .	252
Tapers . . . . .	253
Chriſts Birth . . . . .	253
The Virgin Mary . . . . .	253
Another . . . . .	253
God . . . . .	254
Another of God . . . . .	254
Another . . . . .	254
Gods Prefence . . . . .	254
Gods Dwelling . . . . .	254
The Virgin Mary . . . . .	255
To God . . . . .	255
Upon Woman and Mary . . . . .	255
North and South . . . . .	255
Sabbaths . . . . .	256
The Faſt, or Lent . . . . .	256
Sin . . . . .	256
God . . . . .	256
This, and the next World . . . . .	257
Eaſe . . . . .	257
Beginnings and Endings . . . . .	257
Temporall Goods . . . . .	257
Hell Fire . . . . .	258
Abels Bloud . . . . .	258
Another . . . . .	258
A Poſition in the Hebrew Divinity . . . . .	258
Penitence . . . . .	258
Gods Prefence . . . . .	259
The Reſurrection poſſible, and probable . . . . .	259
Chriſts Suffering . . . . .	259
Sinners . . . . .	259
Temptations . . . . .	260
Pittie, and Punifhment . . . . .	260
Gods Price, and Mans Price . . . . .	260
Chriſts Aſtion . . . . .	260

# 324    *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*

	Page
Predestination . . . . .	261
Another . . . . .	261
Sin . . . . .	261
Another . . . . .	261
Another . . . . .	261
Prefcience . . . . .	262
Christ . . . . .	262
Christs Incarnation . . . . .	262
Heaven . . . . .	262
Gods Keyes . . . . .	263
Sin . . . . .	263
Almes . . . . .	263
Hell-Fire . . . . .	263
To keep a true Lent . . . . .	264
No Time in Eternitie . . . . .	265
His Meditation upon Death . . . . .	265
Cloaths for Continuance . . . . .	266
To God . . . . .	266
The Soule . . . . .	267
The Judgement-day . . . . .	267
Sufferings . . . . .	267
Paine and Pleasure . . . . .	268
Gods Prefence . . . . .	268
Another . . . . .	268
The poore Mans Part . . . . .	268
The right Hand . . . . .	268
The Staffe and Rod . . . . .	269
God sparing in scourging . . . . .	269
Confession . . . . .	269
Gods Defcent . . . . .	269
No coming to God without Christ . . . . .	270
Another, to God . . . . .	270
The Refurrection . . . . .	270
Coheires . . . . .	270
The number of two . . . . .	271
Hardning of Hearts . . . . .	271

# *CONTENTS OF VOL. II.*      325

	Page
The Rose . . . . .	271
Gods Time muſt end our Trouble . . . . .	271
Baptiſme . . . . .	272
Gold and Frankincenſe . . . . .	272
To God . . . . .	272
The Chewing the Cud . . . . .	272
Chriſts twofold Coming . . . . .	273
To God, his gift . . . . .	273
Gods Anger . . . . .	273
Gods Commands . . . . .	273
To God . . . . .	274
To God . . . . .	274
Good Friday: Rex Tragicus, or Chriſt going to His Croſſe . . . . .	274
His Words to Chriſt, going to the Croſſe . . . . .	276
Another, to his Saviour . . . . .	276
His Saviours Words, going to the Croſſe . . . . .	277
His Anthem, to Chriſt on the Croſſe . . . . .	277
"This Croſſe-Tree here" . . . . .	279
To his Saviours Sepulcher: his Devotion . . . . .	280
His Offering, with the reſt, at the Sepulcher . . . . .	281
His coming to the Sepulcher . . . . .	281

THE END.



WORKS BY  
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

I. Poetical and Dramatic Works. 3 vols. fscap. 8vo. 15s.

This edition is the only complete one extant, containing many new poems, and is uniformly printed with the Aldine edition of the British Poets.

The Poems, complete in 1 vol. fscap. 8vo. 6s.

II. Aids to Reflection, in the Formation of a Manly Character, on the several grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion. Fifth edition, with a Preliminary Essay, and three Appendixes, 2 vols. fscap. 8vo. 10s.

III. The Friend, a Series of Essays, to aid in the formation of Fixed Principles in Politics, Morals, and Religion, with Literary Amusements interspersed. Edited by H. N. Coleridge. 3 vols. fscap. 8vo. 15s.

IV. On the Constitution of Church and State. To which is added, Two Lay Sermons. Edited by H. N. Coleridge, fscap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

V. Literary Remains, Edited by H. N. Coleridge, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 5s.

Contents.—Vol. I. and II. Fall of Robespierre; additional Poems, *never before printed*; Course of Lectures; Omniana; Shakespeare, with Introductory Matter on Poetry, the Drama, and the Stage; Notes on Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, Sir Thomas Browne, &c. Vol. III. Formula of the Trinity; Nightly Prayer; Notes on the Book of Common Prayer, Hooker, Field, Donne, Henry More, Heinrichs, Hacket, Jeremy Taylor, The Pilgrim's Progress, John Smith, &c. Vol. IV. Notes on Luther, St. Theresa, Bedell, Baxter, Leighton, Sherlock, Waterland, Skelton, Andrew Fuller, Whitaker, Oxlee, A Barrister's Hints, Davison, Irving, and Noble; and an Essay on Faith.

\*. \* The Third and fourth Volumes may be purchased separately, price 12s. each.

VI. The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit. Edited by H. N. Coleridge, fscap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

"The Book is like refined Gold; its value is great, though its bulk be little."—*Morning Post*.

VII. Memoirs of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, by James Gillman. Vol. 1. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

## WILLIAM PICKERING'S PUBLICATIONS.

---

The Works of Gray, edited by the Rev. John Mitford. With his Correspondence with Mr. Chute and others, Journal kept at Rome, Criticism on the Statues, Sculptures, &c. *hitherto unpublished.* 5 vols. fscap. 8vo. 1l. 5s.

---

Reminiscences of Gray, by the Rev. N. Nichols. Original Correspondence between Mr. Gray and Mr. Nichols, with other unpublished Pieces. Edited by the Rev. J. Mitford. (Vol. 5 of the Works.) Fscap. 8vo. 5s.

---

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, with an Essay on his Language and Versification, an Introductory Discourse, and Glossary, by Thomas Tyrwhitt. 5 vols. crown 8vo. with a Portrait, and an Engraving of the celebrated Pilgrimage, by Stothard. 2l. 12s. 6d.

---

Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose, Troilus and Creseide, &c. with Life by Sir Harris Nicolas. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

\* \* \* A Supplement to Tyrwhitt's Edition of Chaucer, which completes the Poetical Works.

---

Surrey and Wyatt's Poetical Works, with Original Memoirs by Sir Harris Nicolas. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.

---

Early English Dramatists, edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, uniformly printed in crown 8vo. viz.

GREENE, 2 vols. 21s. PEELE, 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d. WEBSTER, 4 vols. 42s. The third Vol. of Peele, *recently published*, may be had separate, price 10s. 6d.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF KIT MARLOWE, Edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, a New Edition, in 3 vols. crown 8vo. *nearly ready.*

---

Early English Prose Romances. Edited by W. J. Thoms. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 1l. 10s.

"The 'Waverley Novels' of their day."—*Retrospective Review.*

---

Poems, by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others; edited by the Rev. John Hannah, late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Fscap. 8vo. 5s.

---

WILLIAM PICKERING, 177, PICCADILLY.

WILLIAM PICKERING'S PUBLICATIONS,  
177, PICCADILLY.

---

**THE WHITE LADY AND UNDINE**, Tales from  
the German, by the Hon. Miss Lyttelton. 30 cuts, fscap.  
8vo. 7s.

---

**Phantasmion**, a Tale, by Sara Coleridge. Fscap.  
8vo. 9.

"'Phantasmion' is not a poem; but it is poetry from beginning to end, and has many poems within it. A Fairy Tale unique in its kind, pure as a crystal in diction, tinted like the opal with the hues of an ever springing sunlit fancy."—*Quarterly Review*.

---

**The Table Talker**; or, Brief Essays on Society and Literature. Collected from the "Table Talk" of the Morning Post, and revised by the Author. 2 vols. fscap. 8vo. 12s.

---

**Selection from the Early Ballad Poetry of England and Scotland**. Edited by Richard John King, B. A. Exeter College, Oxford. Fscap. 8vo. 6s.

---

**The Vision and Crede of Piers Ploughman**, newly imprinted from a MS. in Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited with Notes and a Glossary, by Thomas Wright, Esq. 2 vols. fscap. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

---

**Poems, Original and Translated**, by J. H. Merivale, Esq. now first collected and in part first published, 3 vols. fscap. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

*By the same Author.*

**The Minor Poems of Schiller**, translated, forming vol. 3 of Mr. Merivale's Poems and Translations. Fscap. 8vo. 7s.

---

**Early English Poetry**. Edited by Thomas Wright. Printed in the Black Letter. 4 vols. 16mo. half-bound moreocco, 1l.

Containing—I. The Turnament of Tottenham. The Feest, a Sequel to the same Poem.—II. The Nutbrowne Maid.—The Tale of the Basin, and that of the Frere and the Boy, two early Ballads of Magic.—IV. Songs and Carols, from a MS. in the British Museum.



# PICKERING'S

## ALDINE EDITION OF THE POETS.

*Beautifully printed, price 5s. or bound in morocco for presents, 10s. 6d.  
each volume.*

**VOLS.**

1. 1\*. 2. POEMS OF BURNS. With Memoir and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, Portrait, and Additional Poems. 3 vols.
3. 4. . . . POEMS OF THOMSON. With Memoir by Sir H. NICOLAS, and upwards of Twenty Additional Poems never before printed. 2 vols.
5. . . . . POEMS OF COLLINS. With Memoir by Sir H. NICOLAS.
6. . . . . POEMS OF H. KIRKE WHITE. With Memoir by Sir H. NICOLAS, and Additional Poems.
7. 8. 9. . . POEMS OF COWPER. Including his Translations from Milton, Madame Guion, &c. with Memoir by Sir H. NICOLAS, and Portrait, the most complete edition extant. 3 vols.
10. 11. . . . POEMS OF SURREY AND WYATT. With Memoirs by Sir H. NICOLAS, and Portraits. 2 vols.
12. . . . . POEMS OF BEATTIE. With Memoir by the Rev. A. DYCE, and Additional Poems.
13. 14. 15. POEMS OF POPE. With Memoir by the Rev. A. DYCE, 3 vols.
16. . . . . POEMS OF GOLDSMITH. With Memoir and Notes by the Rev. JOHN MITFORD, and Additional Poems.
17. 18. 19. POEMS OF MILTON. With Memoir and Notes by the Rev. J. MITFORD. 3 vols.
20. . . . . POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE. With Memoir by the Rev. A. DYCE.
- 21—25. . . . POEMS OF DRYDEN. With Memoir by the Rev. J. MITFORD. 5 vols.
26. . . . . POEMS OF PARNELL. With Memoir by the Rev. J. MITFORD.
27. 28. 29. POEMS OF SWIFT. With Memoir by the Rev. J. MITFORD. 3 vols.
30. 31. . . . POEMS OF YOUNG. With Memoir by the Rev. J. MITFORD. 2 vols.
32. . . . . POEMS OF AKENSIDE. With Memoir by the Rev. A. DYCE.
33. 34. . . . POEMS OF BUTLER. With Memoir by the Rev. J. MITFORD. 2 vols.
35. 36. . . . POEMS OF PRIOR. With Memoir by the Rev. J. MITFORD. 2 vols.
37. . . . . POEMS OF FALCONER. With Memoir by the Rev. J. MITFORD.
38. . . . . POEMS OF GRAY. With Memoir by the Rev. J. MITFORD.
- 39—43. . . . POEMS OF SPENSER. With Memoir by the Rev. J. MITFORD. 5 vols.
- 44—46. . . . POEMS OF CHURCHILL. With Memoir and Notes by W. TOOKE, Esq. 3 vols.
- 47—52. . . . POEMS OF CHAUCER. With Memoir by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS. 6 vols.

\* \* Each Author may be purchased separately.



6

1

2

3

4

5

